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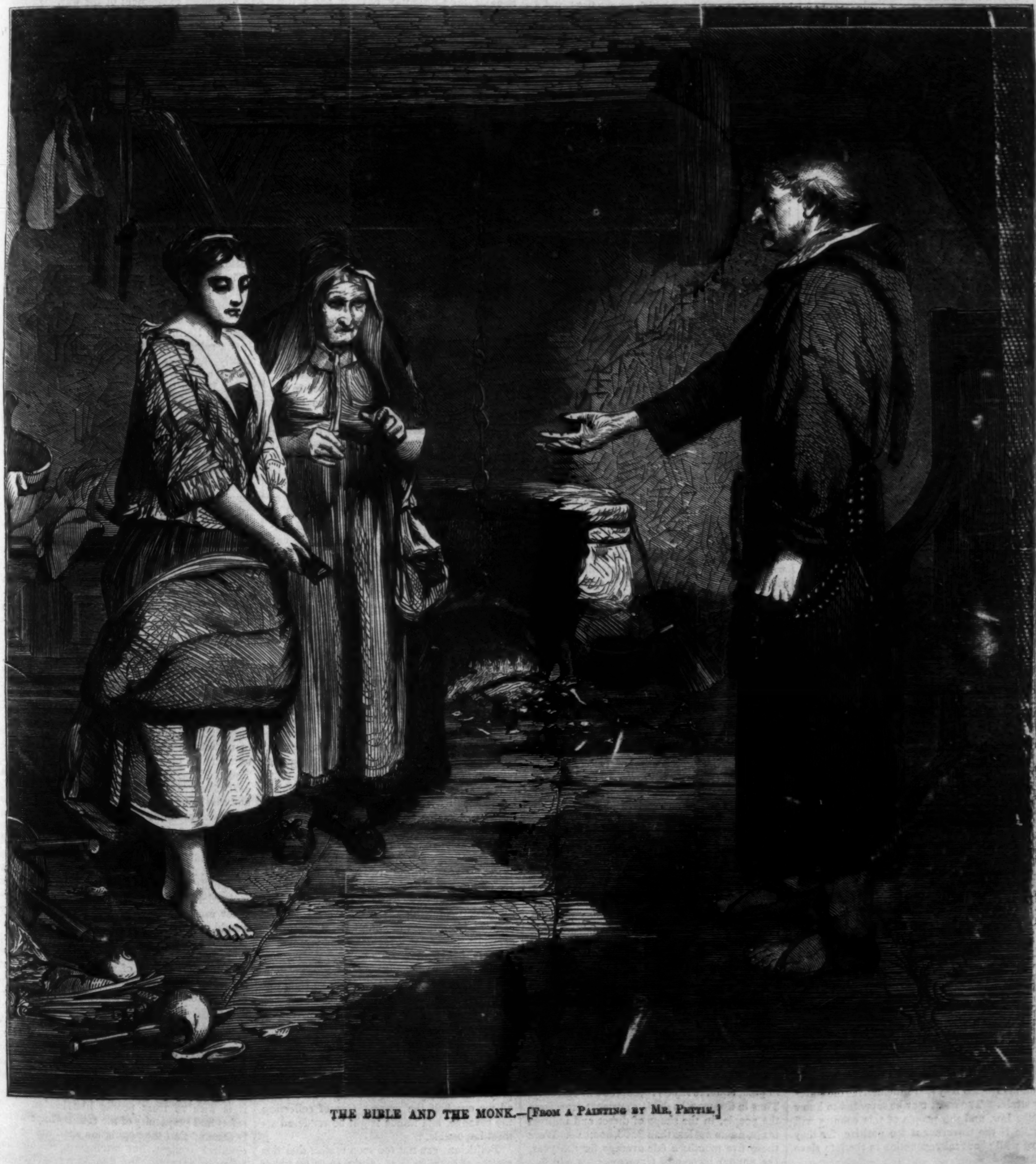
THE BIBLE AND THE MONK.

This remarkable picture carries us back to the time when the priests of the Roman Catholic Church denounced the possession of the Bible as a sin.

The highly interesting situation so well imagined and vividly realized in this picture must have been one of common occurrence at the period of the Reformation, and can not fail to be deeply and variously suggestive to every thoughtful person. It would be beyond our province, however, to attempt to illustrate all the bearings of such a subject as this. The artist's principal aim and meaning are obvious enough. The situation affords scope for representing well-contrasted emotion and three distinct types of character; while—of course assuming that the picture is addressed to a Protestant spectator—the leading intention is to show the irresistible moral and spiritual influences which in all cases of an established prescriptive creed oppose the first feeble efforts of an independent inquiry after truth. The monk is the very impersonation of that spiritual pride and arrogance which too commonly characterize the priestly profession in all ages and circumstances. Claiming infallibility, consciously or unconsciously, he stands resenting as a personal insult the attempt to defy or escape from his authority; he scouts it as a heinous sin; he is prepared to consign to everlasting perdition the tenderest and most innocent of his fellow-creatures if that attempt is persevered in. The enormities of the "Inquisition," so ominously suggested in the title, are but the logical and natural consequences of such a spirit as this. The poor girl, so interesting in her sweet, intelligent beauty and gentleness, must needs quail before the monk's domineering energy; nor can she steel herself to a mother's agonized entreaty, or be insensible to those habitual instincts of submission and reverence proper to her sex. The aged mother—too old to learn, however ignorant—is, of course only the slave and instrument of the "holy man's" will and pleasure. In representing a young female instead of a man as possessed of the forbidden Bible, the artist has doubtless wished to indicate the all-powerful influence and blind submission which priests every where exert over and exact from women, and of which we have all seen or heard such startling revelations.



THE BIBLE AND THE MONK.—[From a Painting by Mr. Pettie.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, December 16, 1865.

CONVENTION OF THE OTHER COLOR.

As faithful chroniclers, we can not deny that the various conventions of the colored people in the late insurrectionary States compare favorably with those of their white brethren. Their conduct is no less orderly; their reasoning is indisputably superior; their resolutions are of an elevated humanity and common sense to which those of the other Conventions make no pretension; while their expressions of gratitude and fidelity to the United States, and of Christian charity toward their late masters, are in the highest degree encouraging and refreshing after the sullen, reluctant, defiant, acrid tone of the reorganizing conventions in those States.

There is no more hopeful sign of the times than these Conventions. They show that the colored men are beginning to be conscious of their duties as well as their rights. The address of the State Convention of the colored Union men of South Carolina to the white men of the State says, manfully: "Now that we are freemen, now that we are elevated by the Providence of God to manhood, we have resolved to stand up, and like men, speak and act for ourselves. We fully recognize the truth of the maxim, the gods help those who help themselves." Every honest citizen who hopes for speedy peace and tranquillity will say a hearty Amen to that. We are glad to see the colored men organizing and speaking, and refusing to be torpid at a time when their welfare and their chances are at stake.

And it is really they who do the work of the Conventions. They are not the puppets of white men. It has been the fashion to speak of the slaves as utterly imbruted; as incorrigibly savage, as people who must, at our own peril, be kept forever in the strictest bondage. Yet the correspondent of the New York *Herald*, a paper which uniformly maligns and ridicules the colored race, says of the South Carolina colored Convention that it "has been marked by a display of ability and decorum that has won for its members great credit even from those who see in such gatherings only some ominous forebodings of insurrection and bloodshed." We venture to believe that those forebodings are not as likely to be justified in the case of the Convention in question as they were in "such gatherings" as the South Carolina Secession Convention of 1860. And we have yet to find in the resolutions of any Convention of the approved color which has met in the State of South Carolina or elsewhere in that region, so much good sense, humanity, and Christianity as in the following adopted by the body of which the correspondent speaks:

> "*Resolved*, That it is with deep regret we perceive a willingness on the part of some of the people of this State to believe that there is danger of an insurrection, and we take this opportunity of making it known to the world that our past career as law-abiding subjects shall be strictly adhered to as law-abiding citizens.
>
> "*Resolved*, That as the old institution of slavery has passed away, we cherish in our hearts no hatred toward those who have held our brethren as slaves; but that we extend the right hand of fellowship to all, and shall make it our special aim to establish unity, peace, and love among all men.
>
> "*Resolved*, That we shall encourage the freedmen in acquiring habits of industry and obtaining education."

If the other Convention in South Carolina had been animated by a spirit as sensible, judicious, and statesmanlike, the State would at once enter upon such a career of prosperity as she has never known. Are not such an assembly and such resolutions and such addresses all written by men of the other color, partial proofs at least that justice may prove to be good policy?

The president of this Convention was Thomas M. Holmes, an ex-slave of the ex-rebel Secretary of the Treasury, Memminger. He was formerly librarian of the law library of Mr. Memminger and his partners. Such facts should be remembered before launching into rhetoric about "barbarity" and "incapacity." The reader will remember George in Mrs. Stowe's "Dred." He was a confidential manager. There are thousands of such men in the late slave States, who were trusted for their sagacity and discretion beyond any of "the poor whites." Nor was this surprising; for although Governor Humphreys, of Mississippi, says in an amusingly lofty way, in his inaugural address, that "Miscegenation must be the work and taste of other climes and other people," yet everybody knows that the clime and the people of the sunny South have succeeded in making about three-quarters of the colored population mulattoes of various degrees. That may not be miscegenation, but it is amalgamation, and they are very nearly related. Governor Humphreys and his friends may spare themselves the stately strain. The court may be supposed to know some law, and the people of this country will smile if the Governor is too positive, for they know all about miscegenation in the late slave States.

It is plain from the proceedings of the various conventions of the colored race that they fully understand the logic of their situation. They are freemen, and they ask, "Why should we suffer on account of the color which an all-wise Creator has given to us?" "We ask for no special privileges or peculiar favors, we ask for even-handed justice, for the removal of such positive obstructions and disabilities as past and recent legislation has thrown in our way and heaped upon us." "We ask for the right of suffrage, and the right of testifying in courts of law. These two things we deem necessary to our welfare and elevation. They are the rights of every freeman, and are inherent and essential to every republican form of government."

This is certainly as reasonable as any thing we have lately heard in the quarter from which it comes. Whatever political disability may be imposed, say these men, let it be real and not arbitrary. Why allow those whom Mr. Olmsted and other travelers describe as clay-eaters and sand-hillers to vote, and exclude Captain Robert Small or Mr. Memminger's librarian? If, as the Providence *Journal* most aptly says, you gentlemen of the slave States, with all your Christianizing system of slavery for two centuries, have only succeeded in making this race idle, thievish, and false, suppose that we try the pagan process of treating them as men, and see what comes of that.

When we come to that conclusion we shall have a peace and union which we can trust, and not before.

AID FOR THE SOUTH.

It is stated that in Alabama alone two hundred thousand persons are in danger of extreme suffering, if not of actual starvation, during the coming winter. It is a piteous and appalling prospect, and we trust that the same energy and humanity which originated and sustained the Sanitary and Christian Commissions during the war will feel that their work is not yet accomplished. The destitution at the South is not confined to any class or color. It is a general sorrow. Every body is familiar with individual instances of suffering, and there is no disposition in this part of the country to indulge any spirit of hostility or revenge. The same sympathy that eight or nine years ago hastened to relieve the sick at Norfolk now embraces all the stricken at the South. Nor ought the folly of conventions and legislatures to blind us to the actual necessities of the people.

The condition is exceptional, like civil war itself, and demands exceptional measures. According to the statement of Dr. Storrs at the meeting of the Union Aid Commission in Brooklyn there are three societies which aim at special relief: the Freedmen's Aid, the Union Aid, and the Missionary Association. They are all voluntary associations, and devote themselves to the actual subsistence and mental and moral education of the destitute Southern population. That population has no hope except in our prompt assistance. The fires of war have ravaged their homes and fields. The capital of their section is consumed. Agriculture and trade are paralyzed. As yet there is no civil government. There is a universal and withering reaction from the extraordinary tension of the last four years. The system of labor is radically changed. Tradition and habit are confounded. And meanwhile upon this wasted land there is a helpless population upon which winter is swiftly coming. The appeal is to our manhood, to our fraternal feeling, to our humanity; and it must not be disturbed by the sneers and anger which attend it.

Last winter we were accumulating guns, shells, ammunition; we were devising means of terrible destruction; we were moving in the great march of Sherman to save a nation by the sharpest surgery. This winter let the magazines we heap up be of corn and oil. Let our march be to heal, not to harry. Let the same unconquerable will that subdued now sustain. Let the national hand be as tender in friendship as it was terrible in hostility. Let that astonished part of the population of the South, who have long been utterly and fatally deceived as to their brethren in other parts of the country, be made to know and feel that there is no lingering spark of hatred or revenge in our hearts; and so the true bond of eternal union will gradually become plain to them in mutual intelligence, confidence, and charity.

OUR TAXES.

In the five months ending November 30 the General Government is said to have received from internal revenue over $151,000,000. In the same period the receipts from duties at the port of New York alone were $58,291,000, which implies an aggregate receipt for the whole country for the five months of about $78,000,000 in gold, equal to say $112,000,000 in currency. Thus in five months the Government drew from the people, in the shape of direct and indirect taxes, a sum not less than $263,000,000. Were these five months a fair average for the year, the annual income of Government would foot up not less than $630,000,000. As, however, the income tax is paid in the fall, and as the importations this fall were unusually heavy, it may be proper to make some deduction from this estimate, and to set down the annual income of Government from taxes of all kinds at something like $455,000,000—say $15 per head of the total population. In many localities as much more is paid for city, county, and State taxes.

That taxation to this extent is oppressive is obvious. It is heavier than is borne by any other people in the world. That it has been borne patiently is wonderful, and proves the law-abiding character of the people of the United States. But it does not follow that it will be so always. During the year 1865 people's minds have been so full of the all-engrossing topic of the restoration of peace that no leisure has been afforded for the consideration of fiscal matters. Prosperity, real or fictitious, has been so general that burdens which in ordinary times would have been intolerable have been endured without murmur. This will not last. The war and peace excitement is passing away. The existing prosperity and the present high wages of labor are dependent on the large volume of paper-money afloat; when that comes to be reduced labor will fall, and we shall again taste "hard times." When that happens the taxes will become the paramount topic, and it must be expected that they will encounter sharp criticism.

Senator John Sherman, of Ohio, one of the rising men of the day among the civilians, has already announced his intention to move in Congress for a reduction of the taxes. The commission of three appointed at the last session to review the Revenue Law, and present amendments, will also lay a report before Congress within the month—in what sense is as yet unknown. It may be presumed that they, too, will recommend the readjustment of the system with a view to relieve industry from the burdens which now press upon it.

It will probably be found, on inquiry, that our system fails in two essential particulars: first, that its operation is too costly; and, secondly, that it opens the door to too many frauds. Both of these defects arise from the unwise attempt of Congress to tax every article that is eaten, or drunk, or worn, or used for necessity or pleasure, or manufactured, or consumed, or enjoyed. Under the present law almost every object that can be named pays not only one but many taxes. Take a book, for instance. The author pays a tax on the product of his copyright; the publisher pays for a license, pays a tax on his sales, and again an income tax on the profit on those sales; the paper used has paid a manufacturer's tax, and a tax on its sale; the ink pays the same; the leather used in the binding has also paid two taxes; the binder pays his income tax, and so also the printer; the retailer who sells the book pays for his license, a tax on his sales, and an income tax; so that by the time the book reaches the reader it has actually paid fifteen separate taxes to the Government. Other articles—a coat, a pair of boots, a carriage, a dwelling-house—pay in about the same proportion. The worst of all this multiplied and variegated taxation is that the Government does not get any thing like the whole amount which the public pays, and that while honest men pay their taxes, it is impossible to prevent rogues evading theirs. To collect so infinite a number of small taxes requires an army of paid officials. To collect them so thoroughly as to prevent fraud would require every second man to be a detective. Of the extent to which the revenue is defrauded an idea may be formed from the fact that for many months whisky has been selling for less than the tax alone. Of the cost of collecting the revenue no accurate estimate can yet be formed; we must wait for the returns from the Bureau of Internal Revenue. But with the present system it must be very much greater than the cost of collecting the revenue of other leading nations.

It has been found in Great Britain, which has had half a century's experience of heavy taxation, that the true secret is to tax few articles, and to concentrate the watchfulness of the excisemen on them. Great Britain now derives as large a revenue from seven articles as she used to draw from two hundred. Frauds are of rarer occurrence than they used to be, and the cost of collecting the revenue is much reduced. Applying the same system to this country, if we taxed nothing but cotton, tobacco, whisky, beer, land, incomes, and legacies, it is likely that in an average of years the income from this source would, with the product of a stamp tax, be as large as it would be from the present diversified system, while it is clear that frauds would be less frequent and the cost of collection much reduced. It would be quite possible to collect $250,000,000 a year from cotton, whisky, beer, tobacco, incomes, and stamps; a land tax and customs duties might pay $150,000,000 more without difficulty. With proper machinery such taxes might be collected for one-half the present cost of collecting the revenue, and frauds might be rendered almost impossible.

Politicians can not too soon realize that this matter of taxation is to be the topic on which parties will divide and elections turn. It will not take very long to determine the method in which the funeral of Slavery is to be conducted, and the ex-rebels permitted to renew their relations with the nation which they vainly tried to destroy. In a very short while these questions will become mere matters of feeling, touching which the people at large will be indifferent. But the question of taxation will strike home to the pocket of every voter, and as the people become better educated in fiscal science the successful men of the day will be they who best understand that science, and can most clearly show how to lighten the popular burdens without endangering the national credit.

HOLIDAYS.

"When I return from Europe and have been a day in this country," said an experienced traveler, "the rush of life and the exhilaration of the atmosphere make me feel as if I had drank a bottle of Champagne." This intensity of life is characteristic of America. It is both occasioned and aggravated by the circumstances of our society and by our climate. And the terrible evidence of the constant strain of the vital powers to which we are subject is the fact that paralysis is becoming almost a national disease. A thoughtful physician bids us expect a great increase of this disease in the coming decade—an increase which he attributes to the peculiar and prolonged excitement of the war. In the familiar passage of Froissart the old chronicler accuses the English of taking their pleasure sadly; but we take our pleasure and our business and our duty almost fiercely.

But as the genial holiday season approaches, and the pretty books begin to multiply, and the shops to fill with new games and toys; as the Christmas-green gradually steals into the windows, and the sparkling frosty air seems to be getting ready for the Christmas chimes; as the exquisite romance which invests the season in the song and story and tender tradition of our native tongue once more reasserts its power over our minds and hearts, we find ourselves asking why, in so busy and crowded and restless a life as ours, we do not use the common-sense which enables us to pile up the means of sustaining life to enable us to prolong and enjoy it also.

The traveler who recalls the placid contentment of the cafés upon the *Terrasse* at Dresden, the smoking, jovial circles outside the walls of Nuremberg, the pleasant crowds in the *Thier-Garten* at Berlin, and the halls where formerly Gungl ruled, and where now another director nightly furnishes the finest music for seven cents a concert—who remembers the gay leisure of Italian town and country, and the universal power of enjoyment which distinguishes the European from the American, naturally wonders why we are content to make the year a long tread-mill instead of pausing in our work with frequent holidays.

Indeed, we are almost impatient of the few and puny festivals we already have. We are almost ashamed to enjoy ourselves, and the musical congresses of our fellow-citizens of German descent have this good influence, if no other, that they show us how simply and easily and economically people can enjoy themselves if they will only choose to do so. A true German gets more enjoyment out of a shilling than a true American out of ten dollars. Yet there is no man in the world whose body and soul demands relaxation and recreation so much as the American.

It is therefore a public duty to promote the institution and observance of holidays. We ought to disturb the incessant strain of mental and physical labor. We ought to keep young by sparing the drain upon the vital forces, and withstand by wisdom the tendencies of our climate and social conditions. This can be done in no way so surely as by an increase of the number of public and recognized holidays. Thus we hope the Thanksgiving which we have just observed will become a national festival, and that next year the President will follow his own good example of this year, and appoint a similar day, not indeed for special gratitude, as in this instance, but for the annual harvest and happy ending of the year. The appointment of such a day is a State right which every State will gladly yield to the nation; and if the States will order another feast of another kind at another season they will be the gainers. Why should not Planting have its festival as well as Harvest? In ancient days, in the golden age, they went out with songs and processions to turn the first furrow of the year. Where has May-day gone? Why do we not celebrate a feast of roses upon St. John's day in midsummer?

At least if we can not restore or create—and we could if we would—we need not neglect or destroy. We may make more of the days that we have. And we need not fear that the more frequent the holiday the more debauched will be the population. It is not found that it is wise to treat people like brutes. The safety and perpetuity of the country imperatively demand that the population shall not be mechanical drudges, but intelligent, responsible, reflective persons. For this there must be some relief from work. Let us then encourage every thing that tends to popular relaxation and amusement. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. We need not fear to fall into the folly of despotisms, which give bread and games to pacify the mob, for in the old Roman sense there is no mob in this country. The French proverb assures us that he who sleeps dines. But it is an infinitely sounder proverb that he who plays best works best. If we had more holidays we should be a more cheerful, more efficient, more satisfied, and less paralytic people.

"SOUTHERN" LITERATURE.

A late article in the *Richmond Enquirer* upon literary journals is both significant and amusing. It says that it trusts "the last has been heard of Southern Literary Messengers, Southern Monthlies, Southern Reviews, and Southern Punches." It then adds, "not that we have ceased to be Southern in every thought and impulse of our being, or despair of a literature which shall be contradistinguished in its more elevated and original tone from the literature of the North;" but "for the sake of political harmony, and for the security of all investments, whether of capital or mental labor, it is much to be hoped that the grand fact of consolidation will be accepted in its fullest significance, and that Southern authors will at once abandon all hope of erecting petty literary centres in each State. New York is the great centre of every undertaking, and there the South must establish its magazines and reviews." *But*, again, says the *Enquirer*, "We think a first-class literary weekly, fashioned on English models, would pay almost any where in the South, and nowhere better than in Richmond."

The *Enquirer* falls into the very old folly which it expressly repudiates. It says that there never was a sectional feeling strong enough to sustain the "Southern" reviews, miscellanies, and magazines. Then, certainly, there is not now. It was the appeal to that sectional feeling upon which such periodicals depended. A "Southerner" was expected to buy a novel, or a book of essays, or a magazine, or a paper, not because it was better or cheaper than another, but because it was written by "a Southerner"—or defended Slavery; or sneered at the Union; or glorified State sovereignty; or was printed in Richmond or Charleston. Nothing could be more pitiful or childish. It is possible for people in a frenzy to refuse to touch any thing whatever that comes from a particular part of the world; but it by no means follows that they will therefore use what they make themselves to replace it. It was conceivable that the people in the insurrectionary States should be inflamed even before the war so as to refuse to buy magazines, books, and papers from the other parts of the country. But it is inconceivable that a cultivated man or woman at the South should read the *Literary Messenger*, for instance, because they would not buy a "Northern" magazine. It does not follow because a man abstains from roast beef that he will eat fried eels.

If the most popular writers in the country, the finest scholars, the shrewdest observers, the soundest thinkers, can be paid more liberally for their contributions in Richmond than elsewhere, and if the expenses of publication are less and the facilities of distribution and business experience and genius are greater there than elsewhere, then a magazine or a paper can be established there which will succeed; but not otherwise. Hatred of the North, hostility to the Union, glorification of the Resolutions of '98, contempt for "Yankees" and "niggers," and protestations of devotion to "the South" are not the capital which causes literary enterprises to succeed.

We have nothing but the kindest feeling for the *Enquirer*, which it will unquestionably spurn, but is it not nearly time, in view, let us say, of actual circumstances, that this ridiculous "poppycock" about "the South" should cease? Whatever generous, noble, patriotic word or deed comes out of the South or the West or the East will be heartily hailed by the American people; not because it is Western or Southern or Eastern, but because it is American, and for the glory of the common country. When the *Enquirer* speaks of the "murderous designs upon the white population of the South," of the literary journals "of the widest circulation and most commanding influence," it is silly and absurd, as well as untruthful. And when it adds that "the mob has lapped blood too long in Harper's *Journal of Civilization* to be content with any thing else," it merely, and doubtless intentionally, insults the great body of loyal American citizens who have just suppressed a malignant and desperate rebellion, and with whom this journal is in full sympathy.

In its prospectus for resuming publication the Richmond *Enquirer* says: "For our course in the past we have no excuses to make, and for the future no promises to give." "The part that the *Enquirer* will take in politics will depend in the future on circumstances." "We must keep green the graves of our noble dead," etc., etc. All this is matter of taste, and also of feeling. But the spirit from which all this springs, which inspires praise of a paper in New York that seeks "to bring the Government back to the Resolutions of '98," and which denounces the entire liberal press of the country as "leading on the mob to fresh fields of gore," is exactly the spirit from which the rebellion sprang, the spirit which justly alarms every thoughtful patriot, the spirit which checks conciliation, and which indefinitely delays the possibility of reorganization.

THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE.

Among the city reforms which we should gladly see in New York is a new Post-office: a Post-office which should be in some degree commensurate with the importance of the city, and having a few of the most obvious and necessary conveniences of such an institution. The present Post-office in New York is unquestionably the most disgraceful public building in the country. Frantic efforts have been made to stretch a small, old-fashioned church into the necessary size. Every thing is consequently cramped to the extremest inconvenience to every body. The accommodations are utterly inadequate and contemptible both for the clerks and for the public. A covered, crowded, sloppy shed, full of fetid air, is the inclosure in which people must stand to deposit letters, or to buy small lots of stamps. It would be a sanitary improvement to take it away, and allow people to breathe the fresh air at least while they are kept waiting.

Yet no building in the present site can be more spacious than the old church, and unless there is a thoroughly efficient and satisfactory system of city delivery, which renders a central office of comparatively small importance, there must be a change of site before there can be adequate postal accommodation.

With the low rates of postage the Post-office is strictly a popular institution. Every body is interested in it, and it is not one class alone—even if it be that which writes and receives most letters—which should altogether control its position. The building should be in some airy, accessible situation, not far from the great centres of trade, but not lost in a corner. It should be so spacious that every department should be amply accommodated, and should have such facilities for the buying of stamps, and mailing of letters, and the other details of service, as to relieve the intolerable pressure and long waiting of the present arrangement. No clique of interested persons and no false economy should longer delay the erection of a proper Post-office in New York.

HANGING.

There is a great deal of surprise and complaint that such offenders as Wirz and Champ Ferguson are hung, while the great chiefs of the rebellion, who used such men as tools, are pardoned or not pursued. "The question," says one journal, "really becomes a serious one—are all the traitors *par excellence* to be pardoned, while those cheap scoundrels are sternly executed?"

But it should be remembered that every person who has been executed has suffered for a crime which is not political. If Dr. Lieber, in his investigation of the rebel archives, had found any proof of Davis's direct complicity with the tortures of Andersonville, for instance, Davis would have been tried by a military commission, and if convicted, would have been promptly executed. Of his moral guilt, of course, there is no question. That Jefferson Davis knew, as Howell Cobb knew, that Union prisoners were starved and frozen at Andersonville and Belle Isle, there can be no doubt. But the law will not hang a man for moral guilt. There must be evidence of actual complicity. Fernando Wood is as morally guilty of the rebellion and its atrocities as Robert Toombs, but the journal from which we quote would scarcely urge hanging him upon that score.

A GEM OF PUREST RAY SERENE.

Fernando Wood lately said, with exquisite humor and with a single eye to the public good:

> "Gentlemen, had I served the corrupt interests of the Democratic party as faithfully as I have served the people of New York, irrespective of party, I should stand to-day as the nominee of the Democratic party. [Applause.] Had I subjected myself to the corrupt interests of Tammany Hall I would have been their candidate to-day, I have heard; and it is only because I would not relinquish my manhood and become the subtle instrument of any party, regardless of my own integrity, that I have been discarded."

When the loyal Robert Toombs, to whom the manly Wood regretted that he was not allowed to send arms to shoot United States citizens, reads that, in his foreign retirement, he will probably smile.

Mr. CHILDS AND THE "LEDGER."

It is pleasant to chronicle deserved prosperity, and we are very glad to learn that the remarkable success of the *Public Ledger* newspaper, in Philadelphia, under the direction of George W. Childs, the eminent publisher, is such that he is about erecting the largest newspaper establishment in the world. The *Ledger* has now the largest edition and circulation of any daily paper but one in the United States, and its great value as an advertising medium is traditional. Its news is copious and fresh, and its comments upon public affairs keen, prompt, and brief, and always unexceptionable in moral tone. It is a curious fact that, with the increase of size in the paper, a single daily sheet of the *Ledger* is now equal to a whole week's issue when it began, thirty years ago; and the buyer pays only a cent and two-thirds for what cost a cent at that time. The peculiar ability and energy of Mr. Childs are fitly rewarded; and with his *Ledger*, his *Home Weekly*, a family paper, and his *American Literary Gazette*, essential to all publishers and buyers of books, he appeals to every class in the country and satisfies them all.

Mrs. GASKELL.

The death of Mrs. Gaskell will be a grief to many friendly hearts in this country, for there was no woman in England of whose sympathy the truest Americans were surer than of hers. Her house was sought by travelers from this country, not alone in honor of the author, but in respect for the woman; for she watched our career with an intelligent interest which few of her countrymen shared, and with a tranquil faith from which many of us might have learned. Indeed the woman and the author were, in her case, peculiarly one. The wife of a dissenting clergyman in a manufacturing town, her mind and heart were early engaged with the problem of the life of the laborer. No books in English literature are fuller than hers of a sincere sympathy with the trials of the poor, or show a finer insight into the spiritual laws which relieve them. Her acute sympathy, however, was never morbid, and there is a sweet and healthful serenity even in her profoundest pathos.

Mrs Gaskell's "Cranford" is one of the most delightful and humorous domestic idyls. It has a ripeness and felicity which make it almost the most pleasing illustration of her power. "Sylvia's Lovers," which, in the midst of the war, she dedicated to two American friends: and "Mothers and Daughters," which was scarcely finished at her death, and will be now immediately issued, showed that she still easily held her place at the head of the living female novelists.

Mrs. Gaskell was the friend and biographer of Miss Brontë; and we believe there can be little doubt that, although profoundly different, they will be considered the two most eminent names for scope of sympathy, force of imagination and characterization, and subtlety of delineation, among all the admirable and noted English women who have written novels.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

The Thirty-ninth Congress began its session December 4, at noon. There were present at the time of assembling forty members in the Senate and one hundred and seventy-five in the House of Representatives, being all but nine of those on the roll of the former body, and all but eighteen of those on that of the latter. The roll lists include the names of no members from the States which took part in the rebellion. Mr. Schuyler Colfax was elected Speaker of the House on the first ballot, and Mr. M'Pherson was retained as clerk.

The Senate was called to order by Vice-President Foster. The credentials of Messrs. Luke P. Poland, of Vermont, and John P. Stockton, of New Jersey, being presented and accepted, those new Senators were sworn in.

Bills were then introduced by Mr. Sumner, and ordered to be printed, to enforce the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery; to allow negroes to vote in the District of Columbia; to require juries to be partly composed of persons of African descent in sections where a large portion of the population is composed of negroes, and in cases in which negroes are parties to the suits, and prescribing to be taken by persons in the lately rebellious States an oath to maintain their republican form of government, to support the national Union and Government, to discountenance all efforts to repudiate the national debt, and to oppose any distinction of personal rights on account of color.

Mr. Sumner also introduced joint resolutions declaratory of the adoption of the anti-slavery amendment to the Constitution, proposing an amendment to base representation in Congress on the number of voters instead of on population, and suggestive of the duty of Congress in respect to loyal citizens of the Southern States.

In the House of Representatives the members were called to order at twelve o'clock by Mr. M'Pherson, Clerk of the last Congress, who proceeded to read the roll. When the State of Tennessee was reached Mr. Maynard, elected a Representative from that State, expressed a desire to make a remark; but as his name was not on the list the Clerk declined to recognize him. On the conclusion of the reading an animated debate took place in regard to the exclusion of the Southern members, Mr. Brooks, of New York, denouncing it, and Messrs. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, and Washburne and Wentworth, of Illinois, speaking in vindication of it. The matter was settled against the admission of members from the late rebel States.

The President and Senate were then informed that the House was organized. Mr. Stevens then introduced a joint resolution, which, after a suspension of the rules, was adopted by a vote of one hundred and thirty-three to thirty-six, to the effect that a joint committee of nine members of the House and six of the Senate be appointed to inquire and report whether any of the lately insurrectionary States are now entitled to be represented in Congress, and that until said report shall have been made no member from any of said States shall be admitted into either House.

RECONSTRUCTION.

President Johnson, on November 30, issued a proclamation restoring the privileges of the writ of *habeas corpus* over all the States except those which had been in rebellion.

The two Houses of the Alabama Legislature met in joint Convention, November 28, and elected Mr. George S. Houston and Governor Lewis E. Parsons for United States Senators. Governor Parsons is a native of Central New York. He removed to Alabama in 1836. Mr. Houston, a native of Tennessee, once represented the Fifth Congressional District of Alabama in Congress. He has taken no part in the rebellion.

Governor Parsons, in his message to the Alabama Legislature, considers the process of reconstruction as progressing favorably. He earnestly recommends the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment. A telegram was received on the 4th by Secretary Seward from Governor Parsons announcing that the Alabama Legislature had, by an overwhelming vote, ratified the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery. Alabama is the twenty-seventh State which has ratified the Amendment. But one more State is required in order to consummate the work.

Governor Humphreys sent, on the 20th ultimo, a special message to the Mississippi Legislature on the subject of the negroes. Three hundred thousand slaves have been emancipated in the State of Mississippi. The Governor expressed himself strongly in favor of allowing the negroes to testify in court. He lays the vagrancy and pauperism in the State to the Freedman's Bureau. The Legislature has passed a law excluding negroes from the judicial courts in all cases where white men are concerned.

The North Carolina Legislature met at Raleigh, November 28. Hon. S. F. Phillips was elected Speaker of the House. On the 1st instant the President received from Governor Holden a telegram announcing the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment by the North Carolina Legislature.

The members of the Virginia Legislature assembled in Richmond on the 4th, organized, and received the Message of Governor Pierpoint. The Governor believes that very little legislation in regard to the freedmen is required, but thinks that they should be allowed to testify in courts, and be tried and punished in the same manner as white men.

The Legislature of Louisiana on the 2d instant adopted by acclamation a resolution declaring slavery forever abolished.

There having been considerable apprehension in Texas of trouble from the freedmen, Provisional Governor Hamilton, of Texas, has authorized the organization of special police forces in the several counties to assist in the preservation of order.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Treasury Department statement for the month of November has been issued, and shows that the entire national debt is now a little over twenty-seven hundred millions of dollars. It was reduced during the past month over twenty-six millions of dollars. A reduction of nearly seven millions and a half was made during the month in the amount of legal-tender notes in circulation.

Charles Comby, *alias* Mercier, the supposed third person implicated in the murder of Mr. Otero, in Brooklyn, was caught on the 2d, after an exciting chase, at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, by detectives Wonderly and Latinville, of the Metropolitan police of the Forty-fourth precinct.

The funeral of the gallant seaman, Quarter-master William Conway, who so nobly refused to haul down the flag of his country when ordered to do so by the traitorous officer at the Pensacola Navy-yard, in 1861, took place on the afternoon of Dec. 3, at the Brooklyn Navy-yard.

Libby Prison and Castle Thunder, so well known in the history of the war, will soon be transformed into store-houses again.

It appears from the census reports that the population of the various Indian tribes in the United States and the Territories is 307,842. In the service of the Government during the late war there were 5400.

A terrible disaster occurred on the morning of December 1 on the New Jersey Central Railroad, about two miles west of White House, in Hunterdon County. An express train going east collided with a coal train bound in the same direction. The latter had been detained by endeavoring to stop a freight car which had broken loose on the opposite track. The baggage car dashed through the first passenger car, along the tops of the seats, guillotining the passengers, of whom seven were killed and seventeen wounded.

General Grant, on his journey southward, arrived in Raleigh, North Carolina, on November 28, and remained there till November 30, when he took his departure for Charleston. During his stay in Raleigh he had an interview with Governor Holden, received the members of the Legislature at his hotel, and, by invitation extended in a vote of both Houses, visited the State Capitol and was formally received in speeches of welcome from the two presiding officers.

By order of the Commanding-General of the Department of the Missouri, it is directed that the military post established on Powder River, Dacotah Territory, by Brigadier-General P. E. Conner, shall be designated and known as Fort Reno, in honor of General Jesse L. Reno, who fell at the battle of South Mountain.

We have later news of the Collins overland telegraph expedition. It appears that about fifty men have been scattered in detached parties along the American and Asiatic coasts, who will spend the winter in surveying routes. Next summer, it is hoped, this work will be so far completed that several thousand natives can be employed in planting poles.

A party of two hundred Cheyenne and Apache Indians on the 26th ult. attacked one of the stages on the California overland route, near a place called Downes's Spring, killed seven persons, burned all the buildings in that vicinity, with the stocks of goods they contained, and committed other outrages.

Congress Block, in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, was destroyed by fire on the morning of the 30th ult. The loss was about sixty thousand dollars.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Colonel Bruce, on November 13, signed a treaty of peace with Bootan.

The most important event connected with Fenianism since the first development of the movement is the capture of Stephens, "Head Centre" of the Fenian conspiracy in Ireland. Not only are "the more prominent leaders all in the hands of Government," but "piles, literally piles" of documents, revealing all the secrets of the organization, were found in Stephens's residence. These comprise not only communications from America, but from every part of Ireland, and Fenianism is now an open volume, at least to the administrators of the law. Stephens defied the British Government, and protested against its existence in Ireland. "I defy," he says, "and despise any punishment it may inflict upon me."

ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

The second batch of correspondence between Mr. Adams and Earl Russell, though it does not settle the matter at issue, more clearly defines the situation. Mr. Adams, in his letter of the 17th October last, informs Earl Russell that he is desired, in view of the reasons given by his lordship why such a mode of adjustment as arbitration would not be acceptable to her Majesty's Government, to state "that whatever may have heretofore been, or might now be thought by the President, of umpirage between the two Powers, no proposition of that kind for the settlement of existing differences will henceforward be insisted upon, or submitted, on the part of my Government."

Shortly after Earl Russell wrote a dispatch, urging that in the first dispatch of the present series Earl Russell urges that in no case could her Majesty's Government refer to the decision of a commission the question of their liability for the acts of British subjects committed beyond their jurisdiction. In a subsequent dispatch, dated November 3, Earl Russell tries to strengthen his former argument. He dismisses, or rather repels, the charge that his Government was negligent in their application of the neutrality law. He claims that invariably the United States had made a similar disavowal of its responsibility on the ground of its supposed negligence in the administration of its own laws. In regard to the charge made by Mr. Adams that if the British Foreign Enlistment Act had been as comprehensive in its provisions as the Act of Congress the mischief complained of might have been prevented, Earl Russell replies that the difference between the two Acts is not of such a character as to justify the charge.

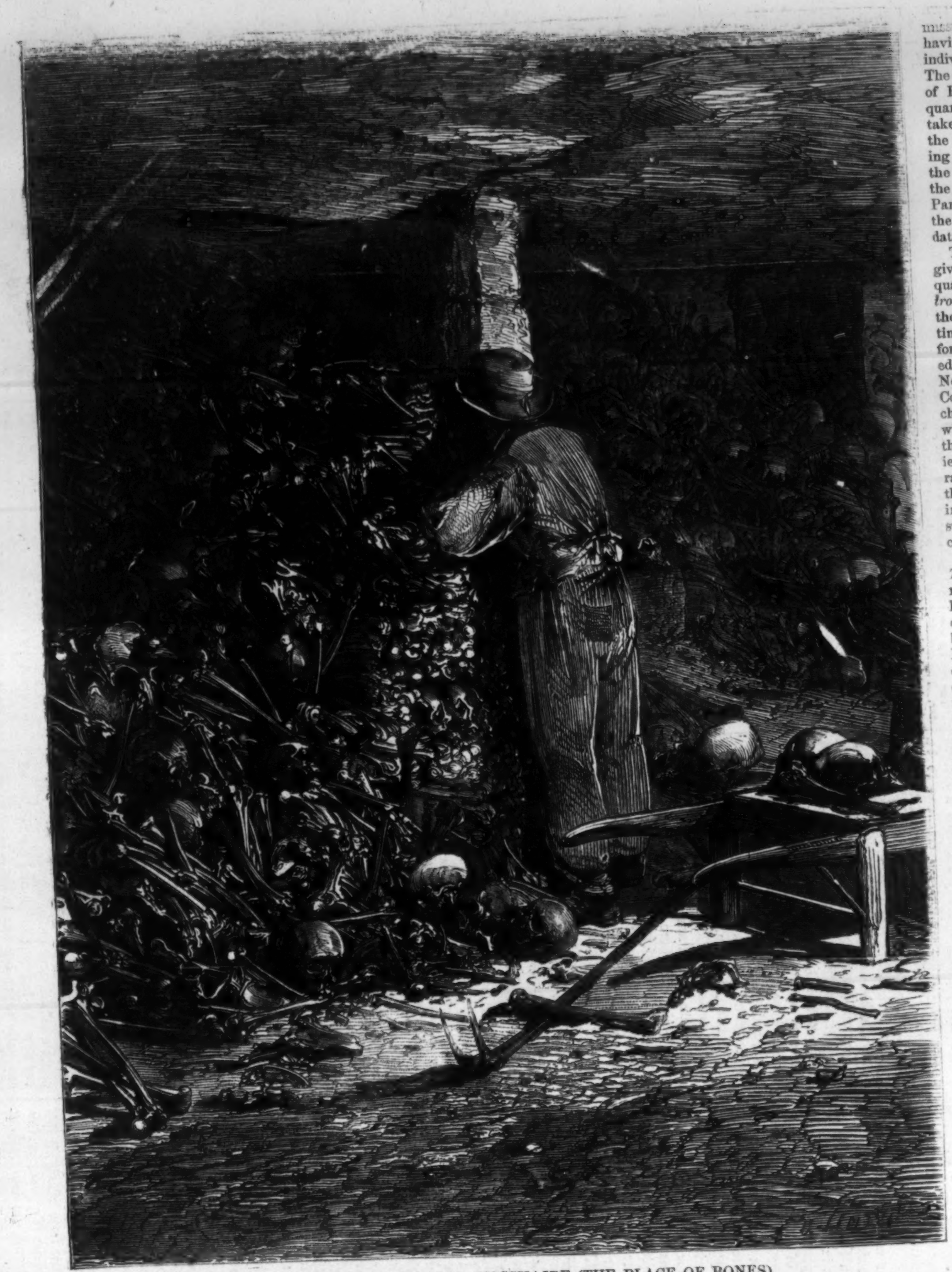
Subsequently to the above dispatch Mr. Adams writes inquiring as to what claims the British *would* be willing to submit to a Commission. Earl Russell asked time for consideration.

SPAIN AND CHILI.

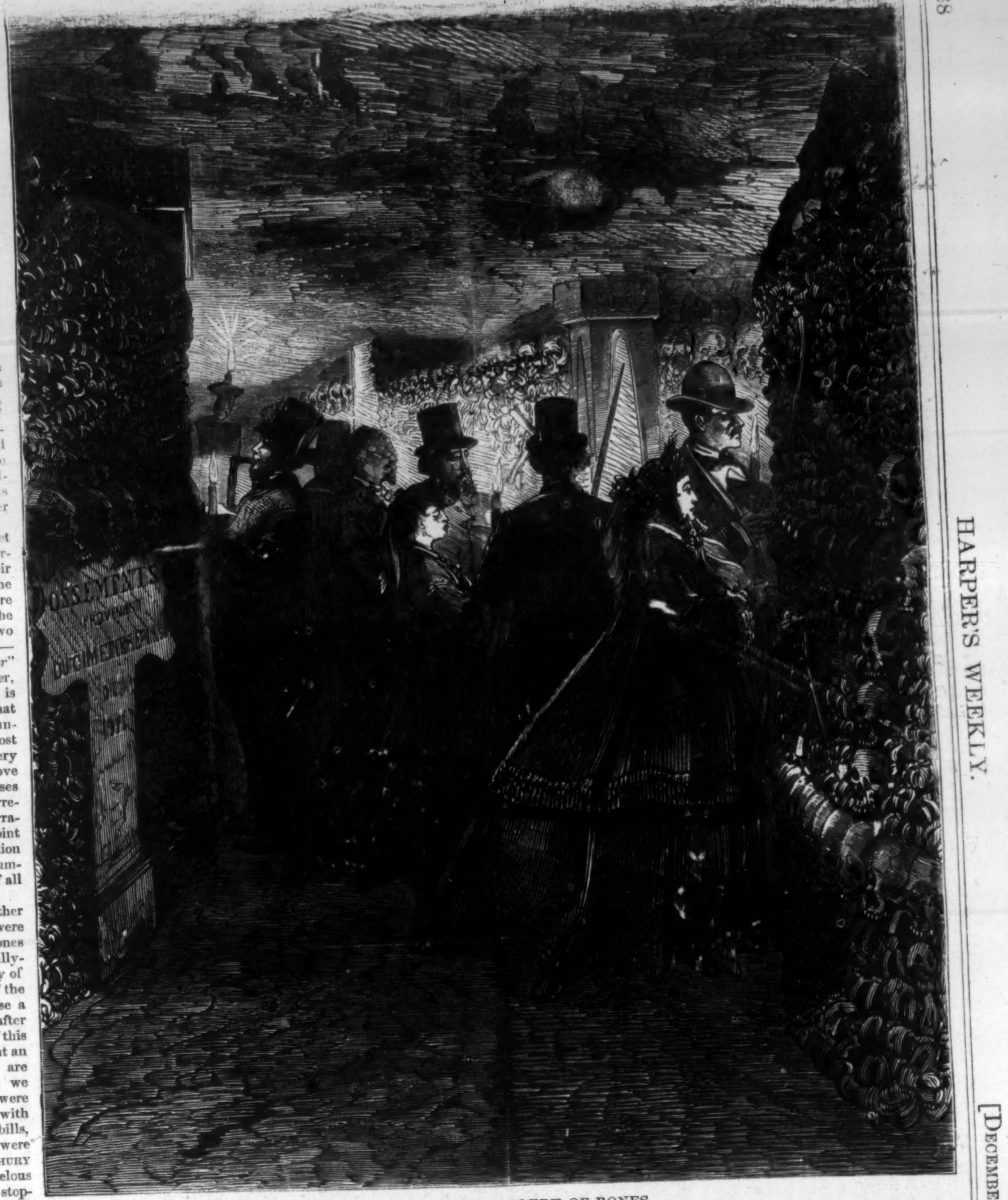
The affair between Spain and Chili is growing more serious than ever. The first shots have been exchanged between the belligerents. A boat's party from one of the Spanish ships attempted to land in Valparaiso Bay, when, being warned not to do so, they fired on the Chileans, by whom the fire was returned. The Spaniards were driven back in confusion, with several killed and wounded, to their fleet. The Spanish Admiral has limited his blockade to six ports, but those six are the only ones in use for foreign commerce.

PERU.

In Peru the revolution has been terminated by the complete success of the revolutionary party, the flight from the country of President Pezet, and the assumption of the Presidential office by Vice-President Canseco, the leader of the revolutionists.



THE CATACOMBS OF PARIS—L'OSSUAIRE (THE PLACE OF BONES).



A VISIT TO THE GALLERY OF BONES.

THE CATACOMBS OF PARIS.

Amidst all the wonderful sights which the city of Paris has to show, there is one that stands out prominently in the memory of the visitor long after the recollections of the rest are dimmed and their details forgotten. We are speaking of the Morgue, where numbers of people go to look at the faces of the suddenly dead or the drowned through that great partition of glass, behind which they are laid, in waxen stillness, on the marble slabs. But there is a still more extraordinary sight, to which, a few years ago, those who went to Paris for the first time had their attention specially directed, but which is now, if not forgotten, very seldom visited, since it is only mission can be gained by a person having special privileges, and no individual inspection is permitted. The Catacombs of Paris, like those of Rome, were, in fact, originally quarries from which the stone was taken to build the city; or, rather, the stones for the first building having been taken from the environs, the suburbs gradually extended over the quarries, so that all that part of Paris beyond the ancient limits of the city rested on this hollow foundation.

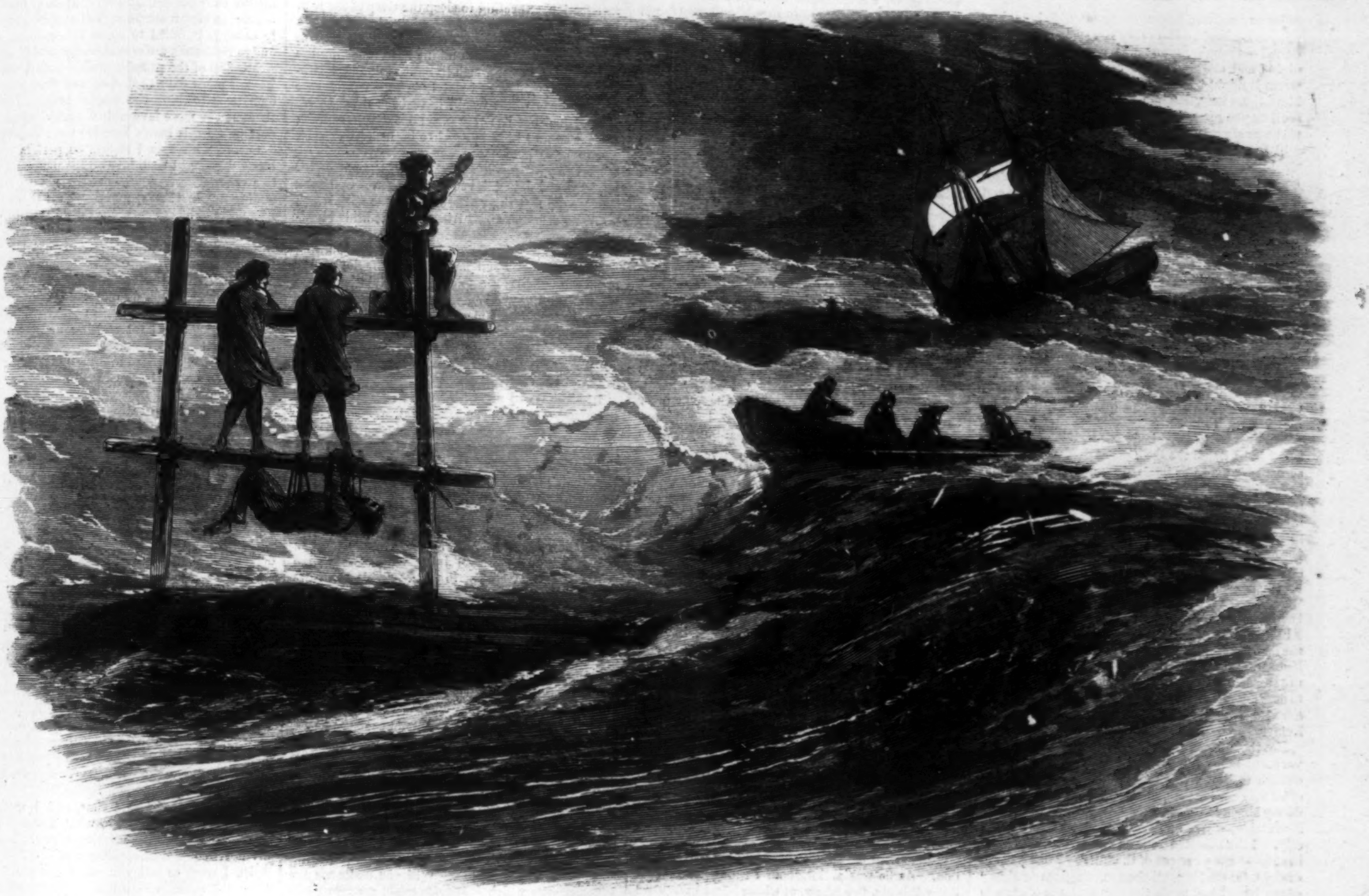
The name of Catacombs has been given to the immense extent of quarries under the plain of *Montrouge* (Montrose) and portions of the left bank of the Seine, since the time when these quarries were used for the deposit of the bones collected in old cemeteries. On the 9th of November, 1785, a decree of the Council was issued suppressing the charnel-house of *The Innocents*, where, according to the petition of the inhabitants, the number of bodies buried during ten centuries had raised the soil to a height of more than eight feet above the surrounding grounds. This ordinance was successively applied to the other cemeteries.

It is at the entrance of the street *Tombe-Issoire* that the remains of former Parisian generations find their last asylum, and the portion of the quarries devoted to this sepulture bears the name of *L'Ossuaire* (the Place of Bones). There are two other entrances to the Catacombs—one near the old "*Barriere d'Enfer*" for authorized visitors; the other, which serves for casual travelers, is in the plain of *Montsouris*. That portion of the Catacombs lying under Paris is beyond dispute the most curious. Each subterranean gallery bears the name of the street above it; and the numbers of the houses in the street above have their corresponding numbers in the subterranean gallery, which serve to point out where the works of consolidation ought to be built in case of tumblings in, which occur in spite of all precautions taken.

In collecting the bones together in these Catacombs the skulls were placed, in conjunction with the bones of the legs and arms, in a carefully-arranged series of stacks. Many of these belonged to the victims of the Revolution of 1792, and for these a yearly service was performed after the Restoration. The streets of this strange underground city present an extraordinary appearance, and are not a little incongruous when we consider to what purpose they were adapted. They were marked with names, and very frequently bills, notices, and advertisements were pasted on the walls. M. de Thury greatly improved this marvelous subterranean charnel-house by stopping the water that dripped through the roof; making galleries through the walls of human bones, which were in some places piled to a thickness of thirty yards; ingeniously contriving to circulate the air through the necks of bottles; cutting channels for the escape of the water; making steps from the lower to the upper excavations; and building pillars to support the roof. These Catacombs were once made the head-quarters of a gang of robbers who infested Paris.

The extent of the excavations is said to be equal to one-tenth of the present superficies of Paris; and, according to the official report issued in 1857, the remains of 3,000,000 persons have been deposited there. The skulls and bones, which are built into walls in the passages, have inscriptions above or below them stating the quarter whence they were removed.

Our readers may imagine the strange and awful effect presented by this city of the dead, when it was recently illuminated by the electric light, that M. Nadar might obtain the photographs from which our engravings are taken.

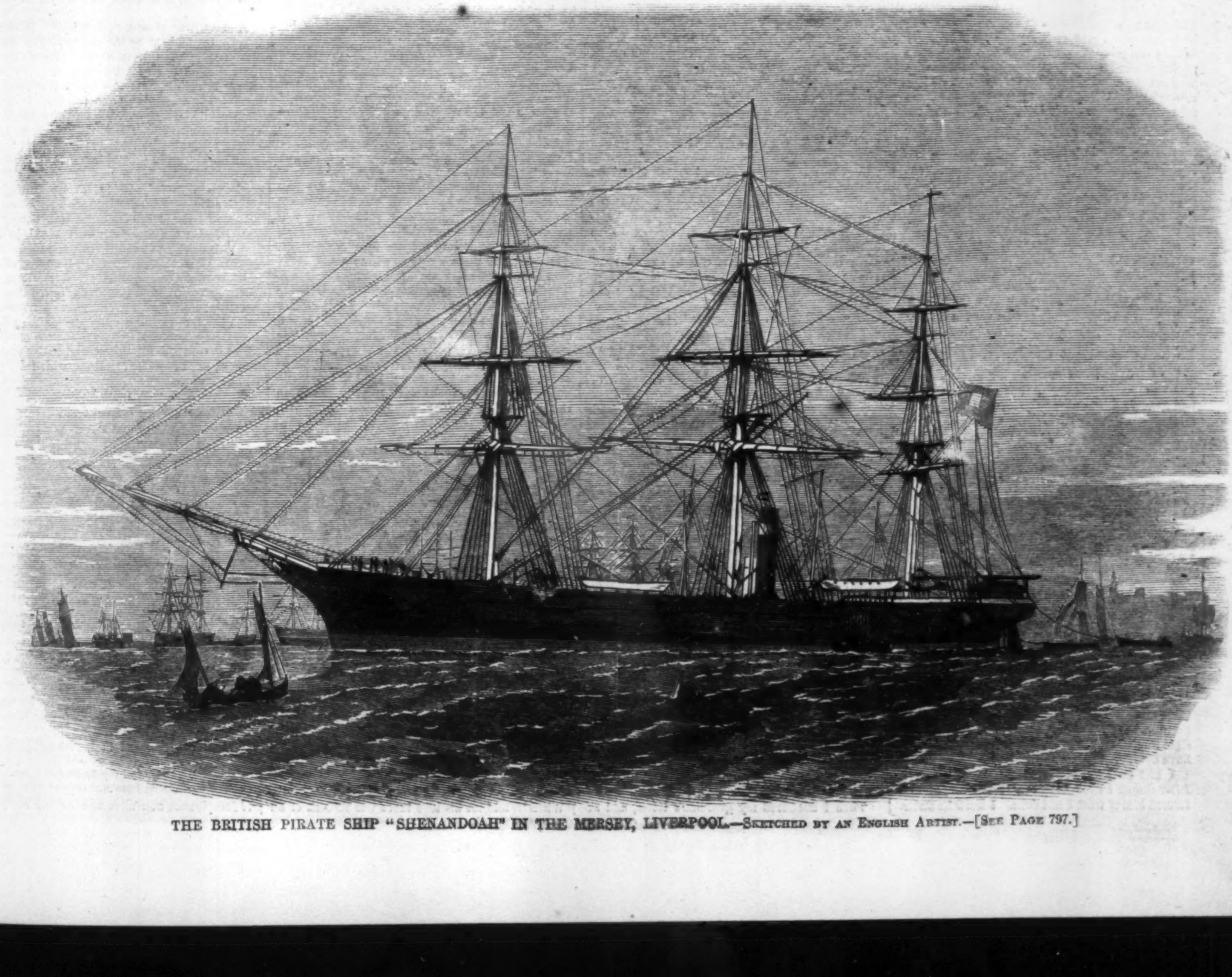


SHIPWRECK OF THE SCHOONER "ENIGMA"—RESCUE OF THE CREW BY THE BRIG "PEERLESS."

A REMARKABLE SHIPWRECK.

We illustrate on this page one of the most remarkable instances of shipwreck and preservation of life at sea which we ever heard or read of. The following is the statement of a gentleman of Matanzas, who sends us the sketch from which our engraving is made:

"The schooner *Enigma*, James T. Morse, Master, sailed from Bath for Mobile on the 2d October, with a cargo of lumber, touched at Charleston and sailed thence on the 19th. On the 23d, near Abaco, she was met by a heavy gale, the vessel was hove to, and the crew, tired by their exertions during the day, turned in, leaving one man on deck. At about eleven o'clock at night a heavy sea caught the vessel's fore-foot, 'tripping' and completely capsizing her. Of the fate of William Marr, who was on deck, nothing is known. The master and rest of the crew cut their way from the cabin into the hold with a small hatchet, and, after incredible exertions, cut a hole through the bottom of the schooner, and through that got upon the bottom. One of the men, while working in the dark, received a heavy cut from the hatchet which nearly severed his hand. After they had made their way out the vessel rapidly settled, but did not sink, being buoyed up by the cargo of lumber. With daylight they managed to fish from the hole in the bottom several pieces of scantlings and rope, with which they made a rude frame to rest upon, cutting and setting the ends of the timber into the centre-board. On this frail support they remained until November 4, *eleven days*, without any food other than a flying-fish, which was providentially caught by one of the men, and a small shark, their only drink being what they caught in their hands one day that it rained. On Saturday, the 4th, the brig *Peerless*, Captain F. L. Bonhoff, bound to Matanzas from Philadelphia, hove in sight, and the master, Mr. Bonhoff, although a heavy sea was running, lowered a boat and rescued them. One of the men had become so weak as to be unable to stand, and was slung to the lower support of the frame. He died in about two hours after being rescued. His name was Joseph Anderson. The names of the survivors are James T. Morse, Master, Cyrus Morse, and Henry Small, eighteen and nineteen years old. They are at present in Matanzas, well cared for by the American Consul, and are nearly recovered from their severe hardships."



THE BRITISH PIRATE SHIP "SHENANDOAH" IN THE MERSEY, LIVERPOOL.—Sketched by an English Artist.—[See Page 797.]

MY COUNSELOR.

Every autumn flower by the wayside brought a pang to my heart. Here they were—aster and golden-rod—though August was not yet over. The nights and mornings were cold already, however warm it might be at mid-day. Now and then winds blew, those long, desolate, wailing, prophetic winds, such as you never hear in midsummer. My vacation was almost over. I must go back to the treadmill round whereby my bread was earned. I felt tired of life as I thought of it. They say poets are born, not made; and I wonder if the same rule does not apply to school-teachers? Circumstance and my own will had done their best to make *me* one, but had failed signally. Not that I did not give good enough satisfaction. I understood my business, and was conscientious in its performance, but my heart was not in it. I hated it with an ever increasing disgust.

I was an orphan. My mother had died when I was too young to remember her—my father when I was ten years old. He had left a small sum of money, and a will directing that it should be applied to my education. He wished, as the best inheritance he was able to leave me, that I should be thoroughly well instructed, and qualified to maintain myself by teaching.

So, for three years, I had been "maintaining myself," and I hated the business excessively. It was so hard for me to be fettered by absolute rules and regulations, to have my time marked off by the ringing of a bell. I pined for freedom. I wanted to haunt picture-stores and libraries—to be at liberty to walk and dream and enjoy. Nor was I without the ordinary proclivities of young girls for flirtations and fineries. But all these girlish instincts had to be suppressed. For the best hours of every day I was not my own. The whole of the last year I had been denying myself, for a purpose, every luxury. I had worn old clothes; boarded in a family where the fast-days outnumbered the feast-days; done violence in every direction to my natural love of pleasure and prettiness—all, that I might have the money to pass my summer vacation in a manner that should afford an entire contrast to my ordinary mode of living.

Not that, after all this self-denial, my means were very extensive when summer came. Still I had enough to buy a few pretty dresses, and go in a quiet way among the pleasure-seekers. I had taken up my abode in the near neighborhood of the White Mountains, where tourists came and went continually. I had feasted soul and eyes on that grand beauty—"the strength of the hills"—I had put out of sight, for the time, all the commonplace drudgery of my lot. I had made the acquaintance of girls in a different sphere of life, girls of my own age—not prettier, not better bred, not more gifted; in these regards I felt myself the peer of them all—but girls to whom fate had been kinder, who needed to take no thought for the morrow; who toiled not, yet bloomed, like the lilies and roses, in more than the glory of Solomon. With some of them I became friends even. I had not been without my dreams of something stronger and dearer than friendship when I came to Conway; "the not impossible He, which should command myself and me," had not yet made his appearance. In default of his coming, however, I had found enough to enjoy in the entire change of this gay summer from the old, weary, fettered life. And now the autumn flowers had come, and my pleasure was almost over

Thinking of all these things I walked slowly along the mountain road. The sky was brilliantly blue. The clear air stimulated me like wine. An impulse came over me—a mad, reckless impulse as ever girl had. I had counted my money that morning, after paying my weekly bill. I had enough, I knew, to keep me there five or six weeks more. I could stay through September, and even then not be quite penniless. There was yet time before the first of the month to resign my situation. Should I do it, and trust to fortune for an opportunity to earn my living when my money was gone? I formed my resolution suddenly. I had heard a cant phrase—"run for luck." That was what *I* would do If I had deliberated for half a day without a doubt the lions in the way would have frightened me—prudence would have come to the rescue—I should have been wiser, but I did not deliberate. I turned my steps straight to the house—went to my room, took out pen and paper and coolly wrote to the trustees my resignation of my position as teacher in the Blank School. I went down stairs and gave the letter to a messenger to post, then back to my room, and laughed over my exploit with a mad disregard of consequences worthy of an opium-eater.

"You leave next week, Madeleine, do you not?" asked Miss Hibbard at dinner.

Miss Hibbard was one of the girls with whom I had formed a summer friendship, chiefly made manifest in our calling each other by our Christian names, and my listening to her stories of lovers and flirtations with eager interest, and an under-current of slightly envious regret that I had no similar confidences to impart in return.

"No," I said, coolly; "I shall not go next week, at any rate. I have almost made up my mind to stay a month longer."

She looked as if she wanted to question me a little more, but was too well-bred, and I betook myself to my charlotte-russe with perfect composure.

After all, my situation was not quite so forlorn as you may have inferred. If I failed to obtain employment when my money was spent I need not starve. There was one house open to me. I could go to my guardians, and be certain of a welcome. He was not a rich man, to be sure, but his heart was as large as his purse was small, and I should be as free as his own children to sit at his board and his fireside. Not that I wanted or meant to presume on this kindness; but there was a difference between the consciousness of possessing such a possible refuge, and the terror which might otherwise have overtaken me of actual want.

I had no idea, however, of sitting down idle. After dinner I wrote to this same guardian, and informed him of what I had done. I knew he understood my temperament well enough to take my words coolly when I told him that I should die if I had to go on another year in the old dull round, and begged him to advertise for a situation as governess for me, and find me one as soon as possible. Having thus thrown the responsibility of my next movements on one whom I could safely trust, I threw off with it the load of care and dread which had been oppressing me since the autumn flowers came, and became more like the girl Nature had intended me to be. The thought of returning to that old school-room with its confusion, and yet its endless routine, its continual recurrence of the same things to be done, had been resting on me like the Old Man of the Sea—now that I feared it no more, the gayety and gladness which should belong to twenty-one years seemed to come to me, and taking no thought or care for the morrow I enjoyed myself heartily.

It was something less than three weeks when I received a letter from my guardian containing an offer of a situation as governess in a family in the neighborhood of Boston. The salary was liberal, and the whole thing seemed to promise well. It came to me just before tea, and I thought I would answer it when I went to my room for the night. After supper we all went out to see the September sunset, and somehow, before I knew it, I found myself walking alone with Judge Hibbard, my friend's father.

I have not mentioned him before. Indeed he had only been in the habit at first of coming up for a day or two in each week, but for the last two weeks he had been there all the time, and I had become quite acquainted with him. In some ways I admired him excessively, but I had never thought of him, certainly, as the hero of any possible love-dream. And yet he was a widower, with only this one daughter, two years younger than myself—a man in the very prime of life, with the grandest head I ever saw—a strong, energetic, ardent, thoroughly-cultured gentleman. He had seemed to like to talk to me, and hear me sing, and I was so perfectly free from any designs on him that I presume I had been my best self in his presence. Now, when I found myself alone with him, I experienced no embarrassment. We talked for a while about the sunset; and then he told me of sunsets on which he had looked in other lands—which mirrored their crimson in the Rhine, or flushed the snowy summits of Alps and Apennines. And after a while we began to speak of more personal topics, and somehow—I hardly know how I came to venture on the freedom—I showed him my guardian's letter, and asked his advice about accepting the situation. As he was a Bostonian I thought he might know this Mr. Bradshaw, at whose house I purposed to take up my abode, and be able to decide whether the matter promised well. He smiled.

"Yes," he said, "I do know Mr. Bradshaw, and I should think you might be comfortable in his family. But I should like to persuade you that you would be more so in mine. In fact, that was what I had meant to say to you to-night."

I started with surprise, in utter unconsciousness of his meaning.

"I am sure Jeannette needs no governess. She is far more accomplished than I am. You must be jesting with me."

"No, but you are misunderstanding me. It was of *my* need of you I thought, not Jeannette's."

"Yours!"

"Yes, Madeleine, Jeannette will marry, doubtless, and when she leaves me I shall be all alone. Is it strange that I should wish to provide myself with pleasant companionship for the coming years? I can not hope that you have learned to love me yet, but perhaps you have seen enough of me to form an idea whether loving me would be possible—whether you could ever consent to be my wife."

I told him very honestly how much his words surprised me—for I had never, for a single instant, thought of him in that light. I expressed my sense of the honor he had done me, and then I promised to answer him the next evening.

With this promise he seemed satisfied, and we talked of other things till I began to form some idea of what manner of man he was, to see that the calm judgment and legal acumen which had elevated him to his present position were not all his endowments, that poetry and sentiment and romance were not dead in him, that he was a man of taste as well as of talent.

That night, alone in my room, I thought the matter all over. I had no particular fancy for governessing, yet I felt, in the depths of my heart, that to be a governess forever would be a thousand times better than to marry a man who did not love me—whom I did not love. The sole question was—*did* Judge Hibbard love me, and was I capable of loving him?

The disparity in our years did not especially shock me. He was forty-two, just twice my own age; but I felt that his longer experience of life had not made him less attractive. I think, if I could have believed that he ardently loved me, I should have decided in his favor. But he had not even said so—he had talked to me so coolly—expressed so little. I fancied that he had made up his mind to marry a young girl, and that he had thought of me, because I had none of the social advantages which might have given most young ladies of his own set great expectations, and made them harder for a middle-aged man to win. This suspicion aroused my indignation, and I felt like showing him that at least I was not to be bought. I fancied what it would be to be his wife, and to love him, and then to find out that my love was superfluous or unwelcome; that he wearied of its expression; that he expected in me only a well-bred mistress of his house, a well-informed companion for himself. I had a heart, a passionate, woman's heart, with a strong power of loving. It rose within me, clamoring against being defrauded of all the warmth and brightness of life. No, I would *not* marry Judge Hibbard—I would retain my freedom—I would not break myself against a rock, but wait for the warm, loving, human heart that should be mine some day, mine only.

Then I answered my guardian's letter, and accepted the situation of Mrs. Bradshaw's governess. Afterward I went to bed in a mood of virtuous self-satisfaction, expecting to sleep the sleep of the just. Instead I lay awake half the night, haunted by a strange sense of loss—a vague feeling that I was missing something which might have made my life fuller, richer, better worth living. For Judge Hibbard's fine position and stately house—for the ease and elegance which would have been mine as his wife—I had not one regret. I liked such things; but I was no Circassian girl to be bought or sold. The sense of loss—the vague regret—were only for what I fancied my life might have been if Judge Hibbard and I had loved each other. Believing that we did not, the matter became one with which I had no concern, and I tried to put it aside steadfastly.

The next evening I found myself again walking by his side. The sun had set, and the September moon was flooding the splendid mountain landscape with silver light. We walked for a while in silence, and then he said:

"Well, Madeleine, have you thought of that matter?"

"I have."

"And the result?"

I hardly dared meet his eyes, his face looked so eager and earnest in the moonlight.

"I sent, to-day, my letter of acceptance," I said, slowly, half wishing, even then, that I had something else to tell him. "Next year I shall be Mrs. Bradshaw's governess."

For a little while he did not speak, and the moon shone steadfastly—the night-wind stirred my hair—some late bird going home to its nest dropped down a gush of quivering melody. The scene, so full of peace and of loveliness, instead of soothing me stirred my heart almost to pain. I felt the tears stealing up to my eyes, and was glad when he broke the silence.

"Well, Madeleine, I presume you were right. Of course if you had loved me you would have decided differently—not loving me, you have taken the only true course. When I remember the twenty-one years between us, I wonder at myself, and the hope I had of pleasing you."

I longed to tell him that it had not been the years, but the feeling that, just as he was, he did not love me. I had not the courage, and again silence fell between us, which after a time, as before, he broke.

"I can never cease, Madeleine," he said, with grave tenderness, "to feel a strong and peculiar interest in your welfare. It is fitter, perhaps, that I should be your father than your lover—but in some capacity I feel that I must guard you from making any great mistake in life. Will you make me one promise—one which Jeannette made me two years ago—that you will never say yes to any suitor until you have talked the matter over with me? I know more of men than you possibly can. Perhaps I shall be able to save you from such terrible shipwreck of life as is constantly coming to my professional knowledge."

I did not realize then how hard it would be to keep such a promise—his tender earnestness seemed to compel me. I felt that I owed him something—and I gave the required pledge.

"Remember," he said, "I hold you solemnly bound. If you had had a father to watch over your interests I should never have asked this; as it is, I am sure that I am right."

It was still a week before I went away from Conway, and Judge Hibbard remained there all that time. He did not avoid me, or I him, and his quiet pleasure in my society constantly strengthened my conviction that he never had felt for me any of that fervor and tumult of passion without which, I thought in those days no love was worth a woman's taking.

At last I went to Mrs. Bradshaw's. I had money enough left to pay the expenses of the journey, and buy me a fall bonnet, and a new pair of gloves. There my means ended, and I rather fancied having come so nearly to the end of my resources. There was a spice of recklessness and adventure about it which had its own charm.

I found my new situation somewhat different from what I had expected. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw, the two little girls whom I was to educate, and Mr Clinton Bradshaw, a son of Mr. Bradshaw's, by a former marriage. Mrs. Bradshaw was very much of an invalid, and I soon found that I was expected in some degree to take her place, and to entertain the friends of the family when she was indisposed. To this duty even the children's lessons were considered secondary, and I was therefore thrown much more into society than I had expected. It was a great change from the dull, droning routine of my school-teaching days. I began to discover that I was not only young but handsome—that, like the milkmaid in the old song, my face was my fortune.

A good many of Clinton Bradshaw's young gentlemen friends were in the habit of dropping in now and then to dinner or tea, and upon some of them the habit seemed to grow wonderfully. There was one very decided impression which my familiar acquaintance with these young gentlemen made upon my mind, and that was a profound conviction of their inferiority to Judge Hibbard. Not that they were not nice young men, every one of them—well-born, well-bred, of sound morals for all that I knew, and quite worthy of respect. Only they all lacked something which he possessed. There was an immaturity of judgment about them—a lack of experimental knowledge—a want of fixed purpose in life—a failure to understand what their work was. If I had never seen *him*, doubtless my eyes would have been less clear-sighted to their defects; but, unconsciously, I had made of him a standard, judged by which these younger men were all found wanting. I took some pains to distribute my courtesies among them equally, and to keep them at a distance.

But in one case these efforts failed signally—that of Mr. Clinton Bradshaw himself. It was in vain to try to keep *him* at a distance. Nothing short of a direct answer, I could see, would ever satisfy him. When he told me his love there was no lack of all the warmth and intensity in which I had thought the Judge deficient. His earnestness forced upon me the conviction that I was, at last, loved dearly—loved in very truth for myself. And yet, strangely enough, it failed to move me, even so much as Judge Hibbard's fewer and cooler words had done.

Mindful of the promise with which I was bound, I asked a few days to decide, and then went to my own room to think the matter over. The more I thought the more favorably I looked upon the proposal. Of this man's love for me I entertained no doubt. In his eyes I should be perfect and priceless. I thought such love on his part could not fail to awaken a corresponding regard on my own; for, finding my heart so unmoved by all these things, I began to doubt my capacity for any thing but a responsive affection, and therefore to consider chiefly the feeling I inspired rather than that I myself experienced.

The next day I went into town, and made my way to Judge Hibbard's office. It was a very awkward thing to do, as I began to realize fully during the few moments I sat waiting in the ante-room; but I would not retreat from the promise I had given. Once admitted to my Counselor's presence, I laid the matter before him in words as few and plain as possible.

"I know nothing against Mr. Clinton Bradshaw," he said; "in fact my impressions are all in his favor. The one question is," and he turned and looked at me searchingly, "do you love him?"

"That will come, of course," I said, "if I marry him."

"But you did not dare to trust to that in another case," he persisted.

"But Mr. Bradshaw loves me," I answered, driven to my last line of defense, "loves me dearly. Oh, Judge Hibbard, I am very lonely, and love is so sweet!"

"Do you think he loves you better than I did?"

"At least he has told me so, and you did not. If you had—" and there I stopped, feeling my face growing scarlet.

"If I had," he exclaimed, eagerly, "would the result have been any different? Madeleine, child, do not trifle with me. If I had, would it have done any good? God knows I do love you, and did then, with all the strength of my being. I did not talk about it, for I would not persuade you against your own heart, or make my forty-two years ridiculous in your eyes by too much fervor."

I knew when he said that, and I met his eyes which said so much more, what it was I had been wanting—that in this one man only, of all the world, my heart could find absolute rest.

Do I need to tell you what answer I made to Clinton Bradshaw? After all, he consoled himself easily, and married Jeannette Hibbard when I had been for a year her step-mother.

A GUERRILLA'S DIARY.

The cold-blooded atrocity and fiendish practices of the Border-State guerrillas during the rebellion can only be appreciated by those who have resided near the scenes of their outrages, or have been subjected to their barbarous treatment. At the commencement of the war Missouri, then wavering in the balance between loyalty and rebellion, offered a magnificent field of operations for enterprising marauders. She had not long to wait for their appearance, and Quantrell, Bill Anderson, Thrailkill, Joe Hart, and a score of others soon wrote their names in letters of blood on nearly every acre of her soil.

A short time since a pocket Diary, formerly belonging to and kept by the notorious Joe Hart, fell into my possession, from which I propose making a few extracts, which I trust may prove interesting Of the authenticity of this Diary there can be no doubt, as it was taken from the dead body of the grim guerrilla. It was subsequently identified by one of his men before a court-martial, and certain extracts from it admitted as evidence. It is a well-worn book, having printed headings for each day in the year, containing a "calendar" and "list of Sundays in 1863." Its leaves are crumpled and soiled, and their edges stained with the blood of him who wrote the story of murder and robbery which it tells. On the first page is recorded, in a clear but rather delicate handwriting, the name of "Joseph L. Hart, Captain Partisan Rangers, of Savannah, Andrew County, Missouri, formerly of Bardstown, Nelson County, Kentucky." All the entries, one on each day of the year, were written by the same hand, resembling more the penmanship of a lady than of one accustomed to the use of sabre and pistol. On the second page, under date of January 9, 1863, are the following lines, which I copy *verbatim:*

"REMEMBRANCE.

"Frank i can not forget
You i love you to well
Your smiles is endearment
Your whispers a spell
You haunt me forever
i worship you yet
Our idle endearment
i can not forget."

This interesting effusion is signed "Miss M. Lou Claybrook, Clay County, Missouri," and the name of that poetical young damsel appears more than once upon the pages of the Diary. While the gentle guerrilla was indulging in his "idle endearments" the literary Miss Lou diverted herself with his memorandum book, leaving therein those little traces of affection and false orthography which should recall her to his mind when he should be far away in the performance of those diabolical deeds, the telling of which made his "whispers a spell."

On the next page are two lines of a poem which the jolly Joseph had commenced—for he was a man of sentiment, and indulged in poetic fancies—and has reference, no doubt, to the military operations then being prosecuted in his native State, Kentucky:

"The land of my home is flitting,
Flitting from my view—"

If Joseph were now alive to complete the poem, he would probably admit that Kentucky hasn't "flitted" so much as she might have done.

The entry for the 13th of April—at which time Joseph was gathering together his clan—records that they

> "run into the militia and fired a few shots—B. Wood and W. Guagh were along."

The "B. Wood" here alluded to is *not* the brother of Fernando the First, who has acquired considerable notoriety in similar company. Joseph proceeds, with his company of cut-throats, to the vicinity of

> "Rochester, Andrew County—layed over all day—very warm—a pleasant breeze is blowing up from the Sunny South—night comes on apace, throwing her sable mantle o'er the scene, and I am preparing to start for Hackberry Ridge."

It is a fault in our guerrilla's style of composition that he allows his fancy to descend too abruptly from the poetic to the practical. On Friday, May 1, he sunned himself by the light of his sweet-heart's eyes, and records the event as follows:

> "I am with Calvert, Saunders, and Price at their stopping-place. Sent for my little sweet-heart, Miss A. V. Kinnison. Virdie came, God bless her little soul, and we passed a pleasant day together. When last I saw her it was the 19th of Jan., 1862, at Boonville. Night has come on, and I am going down to the neighborhood of St. Joseph, where there are said to be some good horses, which we need. This has been a pleasant day, and the happiest so far of my life."

The fickleness of man is proverbial, and the entry made in Joseph's Diary on the following day shows that he was not free from that pleasant little vice, and leaves the impression that he has only been trifling with the affections of his dear "Virdie." He says:

> "Layed over all day near St. Joseph—saw many friends, but got no horses—the d—d militia had been there before me. I have been reading Washington Irving's works, and among them one entitled 'The Broken Heart,' which has caused me to determine never to coquette any more. My little sweet-heart shall not have cause to complain again."

The "Broken Heart" evidently made a deep impression upon the susceptible Bushwhacker; for after reading it he returned to his "Virdie," and thus breathes forth his soul's ecstasy:

> "I am again in company with my dearest sweet-heart, and Time is fast fleeing away on Golden Wings o'er me and her whom I love best of all on Earth. To-day is a pleasant day, and the usual stillness of the Holy Sabbath is plainly to be noticed. Nothing breaks its Heavenly stillness except the soft rustling of the young leaves and the mournful cooing of the Turtle Dove, aided by the cheerful notes of many other birds. 'Tis evening now, and my heart is filled with sadness to think that I and my girl must soon part, and perhaps forever. Still later, and 'tis midnight—Holy Hour! All the world is wrapped in dream and sleep; but I am still sitting by my Virdie's side, my arm is softly stolen around her slender waist—softly I press her to my beating Heart, and one, two, three, yes, half a dozen sweet kisses I steal from her pouting lips, and three o'clock is here! We part! Oh, shall I ever forget this Hour! Shall I ever forget the glance of that dark Eye! the sweet, mournful smile of that Fair Face! the soft thrilling pressure of that Little Hand! the sweet magic of Her Kisses! never! no never! Rather let my right hand forget its cunning—my eye its correctness of vision—or my tongue its Truthfulness! We have parted, and I am lonely, heart-sick, and weary of Life. It rained hard to-day, and the roads are muddy."

Joseph's sudden fall from a state of bliss into the muddy roads must be excused on the ground of "eccentricity of genius." But if our sentimental guerrilla can never forget his sweet-heart, he certainly does not permit his love affairs to interfere with business. He has written that at 3 o'clock that morning, before the "sweet smile" could have departed from that "fair face"—ere his "half a dozen" burning kisses could have cooled upon the "pouting lips" of his "little sweet-heart," he was

> "again in the saddle and moving toward Logan Dysart's of North Prairie. Raised a Dragoon pistol to-day. Am on my way to Judge Ish's neighborhood."

Which last remark bodes no good to Judge Ish or his neighborhood, for Joseph is accompanied by his trusty squires, Calvert, Price, and Saunders, all ripe for pillage and plunder. The manner in which in the above extract a pistol is spoken of as having been "raised" is light and trifling; but in the Bushwhacker's lexicon the definition of the word "raised" is given as meeting a fellow in the road, and after putting a few bullets through him, "raising" his personal effects to the dignity of being worn by their captor. On the following day Joseph

> "raised two Colt's revolvers, a horse, and $50 in greenbacks: "also made the acquaintance of Miss Kate Rupe, a lovely girl, with whom I passed the entire day very pleasantly."

Perhaps if "Virdie" had known where her fickle Joseph was, *her* day would not have been so pleasant. Alas! that "The Broken Heart" should be so soon forgotten! But Joseph having once transgressed his virtuous resolution, seems determined to have a good time, for it is written that he is

> "still at Atchison camped in the brush—it is a pleasant day, and I have been visited by Miss R., Miss E., Miss B., and Dr. B. They brought some good old Bourbon, and we had a jolly time. I think Miss R. was particularly well pleased with me. She is a lovely girl with true Southern principles. Left to-night for Possum Walk—was halted by the Feds—after talking a few minutes they allowed me to pass on."

On the 10th of May he was

> "at Honey Creek with C., S., and P.—rained all day—Feds murdered Jeff Miller."

Again he says:

> "am in the neighborhood of Logan Dysart's—Feds run us out of our camp at 3 o'clock in the morning and stole my horse and two others—am going to the neighborhood of St. Joseph—Feds murdered Ed. O. Burns to-day."

His manner of speaking of the death of the two persons mentioned above would lead one to suppose that they were estimable citizens who had been most foully dealt with by our troops. The truth is, they were members of the innocent Joseph's guerrilla gang, and were killed in a skirmish at the time the camp was attacked. The loss of his horse was an annoyance to Joseph, for which some Union man must compensate. He says, next day,

> "our camp was discovered by a citizen—found out from him that he had a navy-pistol at home—went at night and took it—also one horse—went after Jeff Rose's pistol and horse; but he escaped across Platte River."

The heart of man ever yearns for the things that it has loved. So Joseph returned to his Virdie on the next "Holy Sabbath" that he found in his calendar. He says:

> "I spent a pleasant day with my sweet-heart, and left her sorrowfully. She looked so mournfully sweet, and kissed me with such tenderness, that a loving calm has fallen upon my soul. A pleasant breeze is sighing through the trees this lovely evening, and all nature looks charming. Had a difficulty with a citizen to-day about a horse—it is a fine animal and will carry me well."

If we refer once more to the bushwhacker's dictionary we shall find that the word "difficulty" signifies "killing," and reading the sentence by this light, we find that our romantic guerrilla met a citizen riding a good horse and blew the man's brains out to get possession of the animal. Having traveled two days and

> "made the acquaintance of Miss Sallie Ford and Miss Candor, very pleasant Southern girls, on whom I can rely for assistance,"

he finally

> "reached Richfield in time for the fight in which Sessions was killed—paroled A——, W——, & L——; captured a fine large spy-glass to-day."

While thus dallying between love and murder Joseph was making additions to his band, and preparing for some expedition worthy of his genius. On the 20th, having every thing in readiness, he says,

> "I marched for the vicinity of Plattsburg, and reached it shortly after dusk. Layed over till 3 o'clock in the morning and then marched on Plattsburg—captured the town, and paroled Col. Chas. Porter, Col. Jas. H. Bivin, jr., and Yonley. Destroyed a hundred stand of Government arms and burned $10,000 worth of Defense Warrants. Left after dark—captured two horses and saddles—lost a horse wounded in the fight—destroyed Printing press and office—recruited one man."

A day or two after this, the Diary says, he

> "went with three men to Carpenter's store in Clinton and got supper—was fired at by Carpenter and a visitor—and returned their fire—nobody hurt on our side—don't know about the other—sold dragoon pistol for $50—captured a horse—turns out that Carpenter was mortally wounded and is dead. Next day went on a scout with four men—captured 1 over-coat, 2 blankets, 2 horses, 1 saddle, 1 double-barreled shot-gun, 1 rifle, and paroled two prisoners—exchanged a few shots with the Militia—a very good Sabbath day's work."

That reverses will occur in the bushwhacking business, as well as in gold speculations or other occupations more honest in their nature, is exemplified in Joseph's career. He has entered in his Diary that

> "on Monday went with Capt. Scott to see if the skiff was at the river—while on the river was fired at about fifty times by the Feds., but escaped to camp untouched. Went down opposite Sibley, and on returning run into the Fed. infantry and received one shot through the rim of my hat, one across the shoulder of my coat, and one bruised my head a little, just back of my ear—my partner's horse was shot through the leg. While I was gone to Sibley my company was driven out of camp by the Feds, numbering four to one. I am as yet separated from them—we lost several horses and some arms."

He finally finds his scattered lambs and determines to seek, on the opposite side of the river, a more lucrative and less dangerous field of operations. The whistle of bullets is not pleasant to the ear of Joseph, and he prefers to steal his horses in a country where gunpowder is comparatively unknown. So he

> "marched to the river, but found it so well guarded that we could not get across—marched thirty miles to another crossing before daylight. Built a raft out of logs and rails and seven of us crossed upon it. Swam our horses in and, lost three of them—the others swam to the Jackson County shore."

On the following day he met several more ladies with Southern sympathies, and a furious flirtation was the result, whereby Joseph again got separated from his gory companions. This was the less to be regretted, however, as it was the occasion of his meeting with Colonel Parker, C.S.A. The Colonel was recruiting for the rebel army, and the result of this interview was that Joseph

> "was recommissioned by the Confederate authorities, and vested with authority to commission five recruiting officers, and offer special inducements to obtain recruits."

For the ensuing two weeks the Diary contains but little of interest. Our gay guerrillas spent their time flirting with their lady friends, stealing an occasional horse, and foraging upon loyal citizens. He eventually crossed the river again, and says:

> "We were followed by about 50 militia, and on account of Henry Brown's actions we were discovered, and after skirmishing a little while were forced to run. I lost my horse, saddle, and clothes, and some goods I had got for a new uniform, but I had the satisfaction of killing the officer in command of the militia. Got separated from the company, and pressed a horse from a sympathizer. Ran into the militia a second time but got away. Changed horses again."

Joseph was remarkably good at a horse trade, especially when the other fellow didn't have any weapon. While in Andrew County he

> "left camp and went to my own neighborhood, but Fed. troops were guarding my house. Didn't see my sister nor any one else belonging to my family. Sent a friend to town for $30 worth of goods. Feds got after me, and I took to the brush and got away."

Returning to the vicinity of Sibley, he had a fight with the Feds, losing his old friend Colonel Parker, whom he disposes of in this summary manner:

> "Colonel B. F. Parker was killed by the Feds to-day. M'Farren's regiment did it. Got supper at A. Riley's, passing ourselves off as militia."

The remainder of the Diary is filled up with similar memoranda, clearly setting forth their daily pillage, robbery, and brutality, now and then hinting at offenses of greater magnitude, but never openly confessing to murder and arson. The latter crimes were, however, as familiar to them as petit larceny. Joseph delighted in annoying the militia, and often chuckles with satisfaction at his success. Of the "Feds," or regularly organized troops, he had a wholesome horror, and on meeting them would incontinently take to the brush. His career was marked with flame, blood, and cowardice, and he finally met the just doom of a cowardly murderer. He died a lingering death upon the field where he was mortally wounded, with his back to the foe, while trying to run away from an inferior force. Missouri is now free from these marauding freebooters, but years must elapse ere she can recover from the depredations committed by them. That the Confederate authorities sanctioned and encouraged this guerrilla warfare constitutes one of the most heinous offenses that can be laid to the charge of those insane leaders. But, thank God, Peace reigns again, and Thrift and Plenty will return once more to this fair State.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A MYSTERY CLEARED UP.—No wonder that ghosts enter rooms though the doors are locked. They are all provided with skeleton keys.

A shrewd preacher, after an eloquent charity sermon, said to his hearers: "I am afraid, from the sympathy displayed in your countenances, that some of you may give too much. I caution you, therefore, that you should be just before you are generous; and wish you to understand that I desire no one who can not pay his debts to put any thing in the plate." The collection was a rare one.

A DREAM.

I dreamt that two vowels were found
In wedlock so holy and true;
I could not but think in my mind
That these vowels must be I and U.

I turned them about in my mind,
And twined them about with a sigh;
Naught else could I make of the two,
For reversed they became U and I.

TAKING HER AT HER WORD.—The late Rev. Dr. Wightman, of Kirkmahoe, was a simple-minded clergyman of the old school. When a young man he paid his addresses to a lady in the parish, and his suit was accepted on the condition that it met the approval of the lady's mother. Accordingly, the Doctor waited upon the matron, and, stating his case, the good woman, delighted at the proposal, passed the usual Scottish compliment, "Deed, Doctor, you're far owre guid for oor Janet. I'm sure she's no guid eno' for ye." "Weel, weel," was the rejoinder, "ye ken best, so we'll say nae mair aboot it." No more was said, and the social intercourse of the parties continued on the same footing as before. About forty years after Dr. Wightman died a bachelor, and the lady an old maid.

Tread on your dog's tail, and he is profuse with his affectionate apologies for having vexed you by a moment's howling. Tread on your cat's, and she claws your leg, spits, and sulks for an hour. I don't defend Mrs. Puss, but you are much more careful to avoid treading on her than on the doggie. It is just the same in families.

A SWARM OF BEES.

B patient, B prayerful, B humble, B mild,
B wise as a Solon, B meek as a child;
B studious, B thoughtful, B loving, B kind,
B sure you make matter subservient to mind;
B cautious, B prudent, B trustful, B true,
B courteous to all men, B friendly with few;
B temperate in argument, pleasure, and wine,
B careful of conduct, of money, of time;
B cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful, B firm,
B peaceful, benevolent, willing to learn;
B courteous, B gentle, B liberal, B just,
B aspiring, B humble, because thou'rt but dust;
B penitent, circumspect, sound in the faith,
B active, devoted, B faithful till death.

It has been said that it is a greater misfortune for a man to be blind than for a woman to be so, as in him it involves a deprivation of the greatest of all enjoyment, the sight of woman. But the reverse is true as to deafness.

CAUTION TO THE LADIES.—A silk dress should never be *sat-in*.

Why should we never sleep in a railway carriage?—Because the train always runs over sleepers.

EPITAPH ON A PRINTER.—Dead matter.

Who was the first little boy mentioned in the Bible? Chap 1.

When a wife hugs her husband it is always because she wants to "get around him."

WANTED.—Some milk from the ocean's breast.

THOUGHTS PICKED UP CHEAP AT A SALE.

The speediest way of "*breaking up*" *a home* is to get an auctioneer to *knock down* your chairs and tables.

Having once purchased goods at auction, there is no crying off your bargain. Therefore it behooves every man to be contented *with his lot!*

No credit is given at auctions. Goods brought to *the hammer* must be paid for *on the nail.*

An auctioneer should be a plain, outspoken man. If his sale is a genuine one, he should be "*without reserve!*"

All goods are delivered immediately the sale is over. In the case of wines, they may be said to pass directly to the *buyer* from the *cellar*.

Any kind of property, ashore or afloat, may be disposed of by auction. Sailing vessels may, by this method, be made to "go off *like steam*," while steam-ships may be put up for "immediate *sale*."

In an ancient Hebrew history occurs a little fable, of which the following is a somewhat free translation. If it represents, allegorically, the unwillingness of the ancients to accept an office, we may indeed exclaim, "*Times are changed, and we are changed with them!*"

FABLE OF KING BRAMBLE.

Once upon a time the trees of a certain forest held a mass meeting to choose a king.

And first the Olive-tree was nominated. But the Olive declined the nomination. For he said:

"Should I—the Olive—cease from bearing oil, and go to be promoted over the trees?"

Then some one proposed the Fig-tree; but he declined. For he said:

"Should I forsake my sweetness and my good fruit, and go to be promoted over the trees?"

Then the Vine was named; but the Vine also refused to run. For he said:

"Should I leave my wine and go to be promoted over the trees?"

Then the trees nominated the Bramble; and the Bramble accepted the nomination, and said:

"If ye truly elect me to be your king, then come and put your trust in my shadow; but if not, let fire come out of me and destroy you all."

The original of this fable may be found in the ninth chapter of the Book of Judges.

BOARDING-HOUSE DIALOGUE.—"Your milk does not pay any income-tax, I suppose, Mrs. Skinpenny."

"Why not, Sir?"

"I shouldn't think it was rich enough."

Avoid early rising. "The early bird catches worms;" then they have to take vermifuge and all sorts of disagreeable medicines.

"Ma," said the pride of the family, who had seen some seven summers, "do you know why our tom-cat is like a poet?" Ma didn't. "Why," exclaimed the precious pet, "doesn't he go out moonlight nights to invoke the mews?"

The phrase, "fixed as the everlasting hills," is inadmissible. There never was a hill that didn't *slope*.

A QUESTION IN PASTRY.—A sub-committee of a school board was examining a class in a primary school. One of the committee, to sharpen up their wits, propounded the following question:

"If I had a mince-pie, and should give two-twelfths to Harry, two-twelfths to John, and two-twelfths to Isaac, and would keep half the pie myself, what would there be left?"

There was a profound study among the scholars, but finally one lad held up his hand as a signal that he was ready to answer.

"Well, Sir, what would there be left? Speak up loud, so that all can hear," said the committee man.

"The plate!" shouted the hopeful fellow. The committee man turned red in the face, while the other members roared aloud. The boy was excused from answering any more questions.

NO ADMITTANCE EXCEPT ON BUS-INESS.—What "bus" has found room for the greatest number of people?—Columbus.

When is a boat like a heap of snow?—When it is a drift.

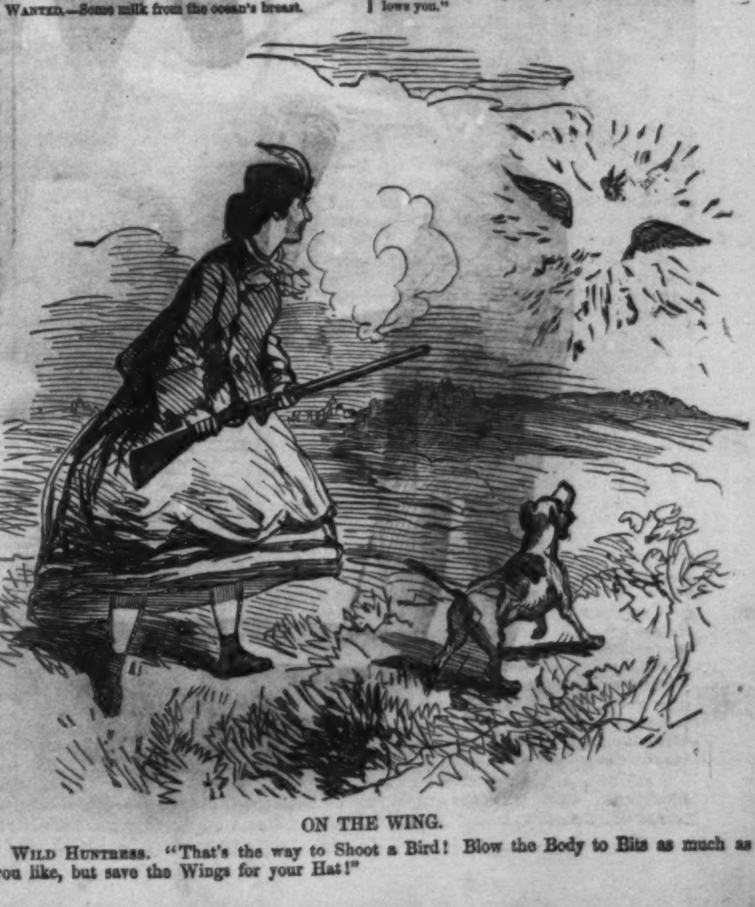
To kill ants—hit your uncle's wife on the head with a hammer.

Men scratch their heads for ideas. Hence speakers are generally bald.

A Boston paper says that a hasty pudding, which had been set out to cool one morning in that city, was taken to the station-house by a policeman on a charge *of smoking in the street*—a practice which is not permitted in that tidy little city.

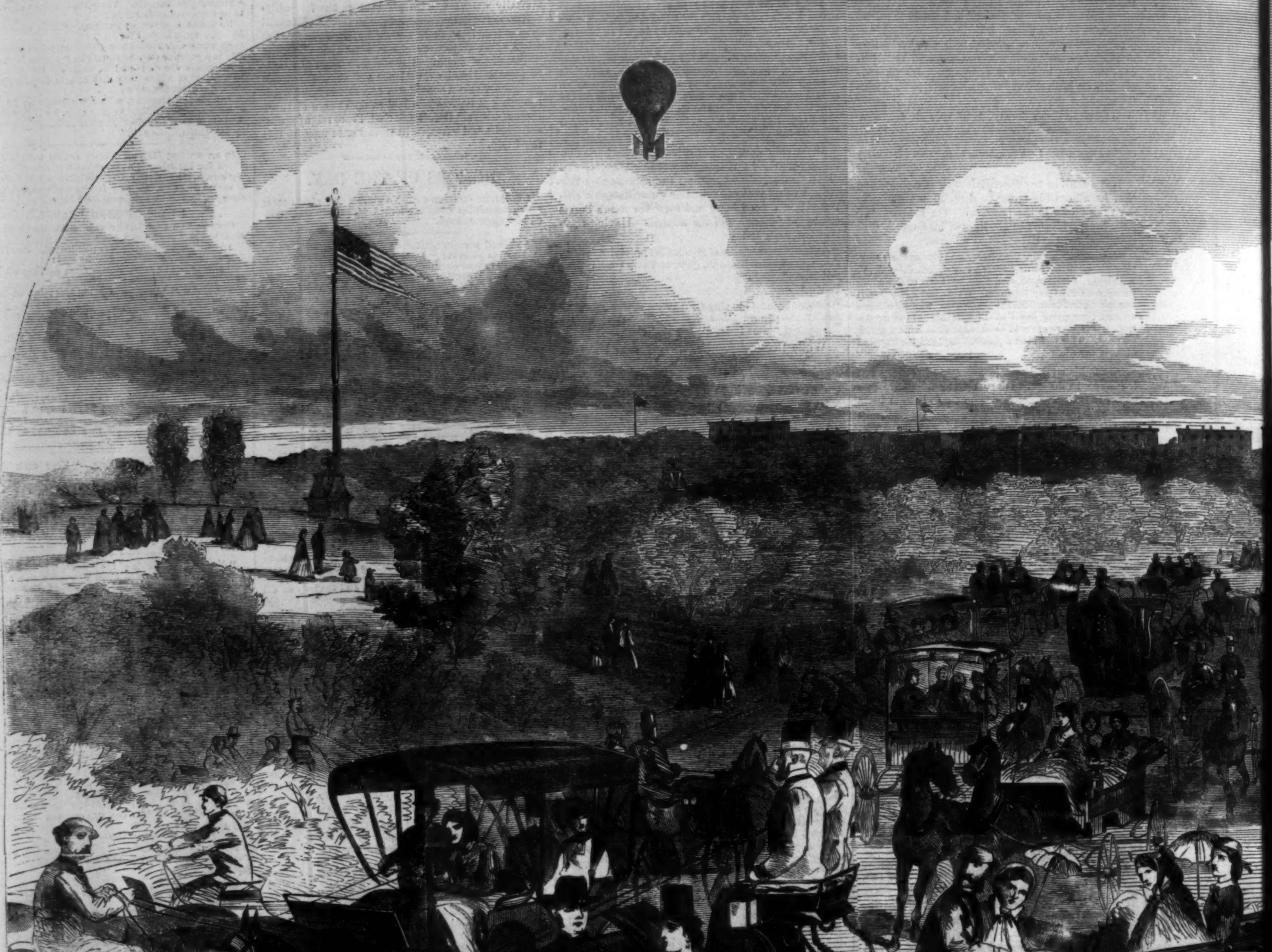
WIFE (*complainingly*). "I haven't more than a third of the bed."

HUSBAND (*triumphantly*). "That's all that the law allows you."

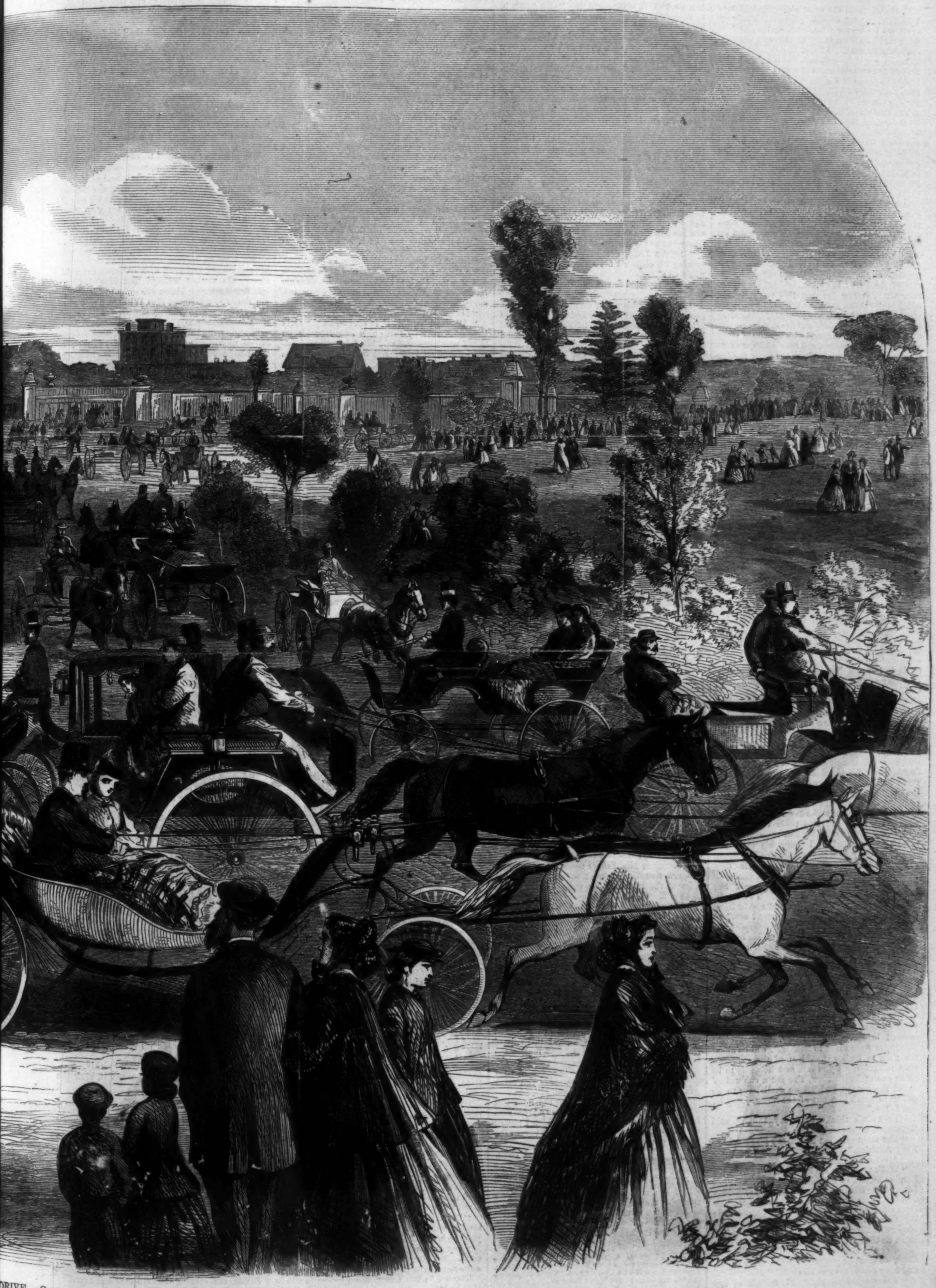


ON THE WING.

WILD HUNTRESS. "That's the way to Shoot a Bird! Blow the Body to Bits as much as you like, but save the Wings for your Hat!"



CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK CITY—THE GRAN



DRIVE.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 794.]

THE DRIVE IN CENTRAL PARK.

Central Park, the great play-ground of New York City, was first officially proposed in a message addressed by Mayor Kingsland, April 5, 1851, to the Board of Aldermen. The aldermen went immediately to work. At first it was thought that 160 acres would be sufficient, but the people were not satisfied with this confined space; an area of 830 acres was determined upon. The Central Park is more than twice the size of either Regent's or Hyde Park in London.

The total cost of the lands taken for Central Park up to January, 1860, was about five and a half millions of dollars. The Board of Commissioners was organized May 1, 1857. Since that time the receipts of the Board have amounted to about four and one half millions, nearly all of which has been expended from year to year in improvements on the Park. This expenditure is over and above the cost of the ground.

One of the most prominent features of Central Park is the Drive, which we illustrate in our double-page engraving. This drive is a spacious Macadamized road for vehicles, with a foot-path on either side. It makes the entire circuit of the ground, commencing at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street. In its serpentine course it embraces all the great architectural and scenic features of the Park: the lakes, bridges, lawns, and reservoirs. During the year 1864 one mile was added to the Drive, and the whole, extending over nine miles and a half, is now complete. The scene between the hours of three and five P.M. is magnificent. The Drive is thronged with vehicles of every variety known to fashion, and some which are not. Of late a great feature has been the large number of female charioteers.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "Barbara's History," &c.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

ON GUARD.

Saxon was fixed in his determination not to have recourse to the law. In vain the banker entreated permission to call in the aid of Mr. Nicodemus Kidd; in vain represented the urgency of the case, the magnitude of the stakes, and the difficulty—it might almost be said, the impossibility—of doing any thing really effectual in their own unassisted persons. To all this Saxon only replied that there were but three surviving Trefaldens, and, happen what might, he would not disgrace that old Cornish name by dragging his cousin before a public tribunal. This was his stand-point, and nothing could move him from it.

A little after midnight the banker left him, and, repairing straight to Pentonville, roused the virtuous Keckwitch from his first sleep, and sat with him in strict council for more than an hour and a half. By three o'clock he was back again in Saxon's chambers; and by five, ere the first gray of the misty September morning was visible overhead, the two young men had alighted from a cab at the top of Slade's Lane and were briskly patrolling the deserted pavement.

Dawn came, and then day. The shabby suburban sparrows woke up in their nesting-places, and, after much preliminary chirruping, came down and hopped familiarly in the path of the watchers. Presently a sweep went by with his brushes over his shoulder, and was followed by three or four laborers going to their work in the neighboring cabbage-gardens. Then a cart rumbled along the High Street; then three or four in succession; and after that the tide of wheels set fairly in; and never ceased. By-and-by, when the policeman at the corner had almost grown tired of keeping his eye upon them, and the young men themselves had began to weary of this fruitless tramping to and fro, they were unexpectedly joined by Mr. Keckwitch.

"Beg your pardon, gentlemen," said he; "but I thought I'd best come over. Two heads, you know, are better than one, and maybe three are better than two. Any how, here I am."

Whereupon the head clerk, who was quite out of breath from fast walking, took off his hat and dabbed his forehead with his blue cotton pocket-handkerchief. Respectable as he was, Saxon regarded the man with inexpressible aversion. To him, Mr. Abel Keckwitch was simply a spy and an informer; and spies and informers, according to Saxon's creed, scarcely came within the pale of humanity.

"Of course, gentlemen, you've seen nothin' as yet," pursued the head clerk, when he had recovered breath. "Not likely. About eight o'clock, or from eight to half past, will be about the time to look out. Most of the expresses start toward nine, you see, and he's safe to be off by one of 'em. Now, I've got a cab waitin' round the corner, and all we shall have to do will be to watch him out of the house, jump in, and follow."

"Keckwitch thinks of every thing," said Greatorex, approvingly.

"The main question is, where's he agoin' to? I say America."

"America, of course."

"Well, then, you see he might start from the London Docks, or Southampton, or Glasgow, or Liverpool; but most likely Liverpool. Now there ain't no boat either to-day or to-morrow from either of those ports—that I've ascertained; but then he's safe to get away somehow, and keep quiet till the chance turns up. He might catch up the Liverpool boat, you know, at Kingstown, or the Southampton boat at Havre. In short, we must be prepared for him every where, and keep our eyes open all round."

"Yours seem all right, Keckwitch, at any rate," said the banker.

"Well, Sir, I ain't closed 'em for one half minute since you were at Pentonville," replied Mr. Keckwitch, complacently. "One needs to be especial watchful, having no professionals to help us forward."

At this moment the church-clock began striking eight, and the postman made his appearance at the upper end of Slade's Lane. The head clerk at once disengaged himself from the group, and, desiring his fellow-watchers to keep aloof, began sauntering up and down, within a few yards of the gates of Elton House. Presently the postman crossed over, letters in hand, and rang the gate-bell. Mr. Keckwitch was at his elbow in a moment.

"Can you tell me, postman," said he, blandly, "if there's any party of the name of Henley residin' in this street?"

"Henley?" repeated the letter-carrier. "No, not that I know of. There's a Henry in Silver Street, if that's what you mean."

But that was not at all what Mr. Keckwitch meant. Mr. Keckwitch only meant to read the address upon the letter in the postman's hand, and having done so hastened back to Saxon and Greatorex at the bottom of the street.

"By the Lord, gentlemen," he exclaimed, striking his clenched fist against his open palm, "he's off!"

"Off!" repeated Saxon and Greatorex, in one breath.

"Ay. I saw his writin' on the envelope. It's one of our office envelopes, and has been posted in a pillar-box overnight. He's off, and we might dodge about here till doomsday for all the good we could do by it."

"He has secured two hours' start, too, curse him," said Greatorex, fiercely.

"Curse him, with all my heart," echoed the head clerk fervently.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

A TENDER EPISODE.

Mr. Keckwitch rang boldly at the gate of Elton House, and requested to see Mrs. Filmer. Mrs. Filmer was Madame Duvernay's serious housekeeper. The head clerk, for prudential reasons, had never ventured to call upon her before; but the time for prudence was now gone by, and the time for boldness was come.

There was an air of flurry and confusion about the place which Mr. Keckwitch detected as soon as he set foot across madame's threshold. The servant who admitted him had a scared look upon her face, and, having shown him to the door of the housekeeper's room, scampered away again as fast as her legs could carry her. Presently a bell was rung violently up stairs, and was followed by a sound of running feet and rustling skirts along the passage. Then came an interval of dead silence, and by-and-by Mrs. Filmer made her appearance with her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Jennings," she said, "you come at a sad moment, Sir. We are in terrible trouble here this morning."

The head clerk, who had introduced himself to Mrs. Filmer in one of those church-going conversations by the unassuming name of Jennings, here pressed the housekeeper's hand in both of his own, and replied that he was sorry for any thing which made her unhappy.

Mrs. Filmer then went on to say that madam had just received the cruelest letter from master. Master had actually gone away, nobody knew where, without even bidding madam good-by, and as good as told her, in plain black and white, that he should never come back again. Madam had been in hysterics ever since. Poor madam! Such a kind, dear, sweet-natured lady, too— But there, what could one expect? Men were such brutes.

"Not all men, my dear Mrs. Filmer," wheezed the head clerk, tenderly reproachful.

Whereupon Mrs. Filmer tossed her head, and believed that there wasn't so much difference between the best and the worst as some folks imagined.

"There's myself, for instance," said Mr. Keckwitch. "I abhor perfidy; I do indeed, ma'am."

"Ah, so you say, Mr. Jennings!" sighed the housekeeper.

"I'll prove it to you, Mrs. Filmer. If you'll get me a sight of that letter, so that I could examine the writin' and postmark, I'll go down at once to the city, and push inquiry in certain quarters that I know of; and if I don't succeed in findin' out which way your scamp of a master's gone, I give you leave never to speak to me again."

"Oh, Mr. Jennings, do you really mean that?"

"Mean it, ma'am. Bless you! this sort o' thing is all in my way. Many and many's the runaway bankrupt we've caught just as he was steppin' aboard of the steamer that was to carry him to Boulogne or New York. Do you think you can put your hand on the letter?"

"I think so. It was lying on the floor just now, down by madam's bedside, and a bank-note for five hundred pounds as well, which I picked up and put in her purse. She didn't regard the money, poor soul!"

"Women never do," said the head clerk. "Their little hearts are so tender."

Mrs. Filmer looked down, and sighed again.

"I'm sure yours is. I *hope* it is, my dear," added he; and, sidling a step nearer, that respectable man actually kissed her.

About ten minutes later Mr. Keckwitch came out from the gates of Elton House radiant with triumph. He had William Trefalden's letter in his pocket-book. It contained only these words:

> "Adieu, Thérèse. Circumstances over which I have no control compel me to leave England—perhaps forever. I bid you farewell with tender regret. Try to think of me kindly, and believe that, if you knew all, you would not blame me for the step which I now find myself compelled to take. I inclose a Bank of England note for five hundred pounds. The house, and all that it contains, is yours. Once more farewell. May you be happier in the future than I have made you in the past.
>
> "W. Trefalden."

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

IS IT A TRAP?

They went first of all to the office in Chancery Lane, where they found the clerks just settling to their work, and the house-maid blacking the grate in William Trefalden's private room. To put a summary stop to this damsel's proceedings, dismiss her, lock the door, and institute a strict but rapid investigation of all that the place contained was their next course. They examined the contents of the waste-paper basket, turned out the table drawers, broke open the safe; but found nothing of any value or importance.

"Look here," said Saxon, presently. "What is this?"

It was only a crumpled envelope, the inside of which was covered with penciled memoranda.

Greatorex uttered a cry of triumph.

"A sketch of his route, by Heaven!" he exclaimed. "Where did you find this?"

"On the mantle-shelf here, beside the almanac."

"Listen: 'London to Boulogne by steamer—three A.M. Eight hours. Boulogne to Paris—eleven A.M. Paris to Marseilles—8.40, through. Marseilles to Algiers, nine P.M. Or Constantinople, five P.M.'"

"Is that all?" asked Mr. Keckwitch.

"All—and he was off, of course, by the early Boulogne boat by three this morning. Eight hours' passage—confound him! he will be landing in half an hour; and by six or seven this evening will be in Paris, whence he will go straight through to Marseilles by that eight-forty express."

"The eight-forty express reaches Marseilles at three forty-five the following afternoon," said Mr. Keckwitch, who had wisely provided himself with a continental time-table.

"And the next through train from London?" asked Greatorex.

"Half past eight this evenin'."

The banker uttered an angry oath; but Mr. Keckwitch only took up the envelope and examined it thoughtfully.

"I shall not attempt to overtake him," said Saxon. "He has seventeen hours' start. It would be sheer folly."

"If you would but consent to telegraph to the police at Paris," began the banker—but Saxon silenced him with a gesture.

"No," he said, resolutely. "Nothing shall induce me to do that. Once for all, I will not deal with him as with a felon."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Keckwitch, still examining the envelope, "I'm not sure that this paper ain't just a trap."

"A trap?"

The head clerk nodded.

"He's such a clever chap," said he. "Too clever by half to commit a blunder of this sort. I no more believe he's gone by that Boulogne boat than I believe he's gone to Paradise."

"Where, then, do you suppose he *is* gone?" said the banker, impatiently.

"Likely enough that he ain't left London at all. And, somehow or another, I have my doubts—"

"Doubts of what?"

Mr. Keckwitch rubbed his fat hands over and over, and wagged his head knowingly before replying.

"That, maybe, there's a woman in the case."

The banker laughed outright at the absurdity of this notion; but over Saxon's mind there flashed a sudden, strange suspicion—a suspicion so vivid that it stood to him for a conviction; a conviction so startling that it came to him like a revelation.

Helen Rivière!

The name almost escaped his lips with the shock of discovery. He saw the whole plot now—saw it as plainly as if his cousin's secret soul had been laid bare before him. His course was taken on the instant. With conviction came decision; with quick sight prompt action.

"I have changed my mind," he said. "I will pursue the search. I am willing to employ any means short of bringing my cousin before a court of justice. Tell me what is best to be done, and I will do it."

His resolute tone took them by surprise.

"Come," said Greatorex, "this is common sense."

But Saxon, who had been all irresolution up to this moment, was now all impatience.

"For Heaven's sake," he exclaimed, "let us lose no more time in talking! Moments are precious. What is to be done?"

"Well, Sir, in the first place," replied Mr. Keckwitch, "you must give private employment to three or four sharp fellows. My friend, Mr. Kidd, will know where to find 'em for you."

"Good. Go on."

"One must search in and about London; one must go upon this foreign track, just for safety; and one must run down to Liverpool, with instructions to cross to Kingstown, if he sees cause to do so."

"Yes, yes. Go on."

"And you must offer a fair reward."

"How much?"

"Well, Sir, would you think a couple of hundred too much?"

"I will make it a couple of thousand."

"Bravo!" cried Greatorex. "For two thousand pounds these detective fellows would find you the bones of Adam and Eve."

"Say you so? Then it shall be five thousand. Mr. Keckwitch, I authorize you to offer a reward of five thousand pounds in my name."

The head clerk bowed down before Saxon as if he had been a demi-god, and said that it should be done forthwith.

"I'll go myself with the fellow who takes the Paris job," said Mr. Greatorex. "I shall enjoy the excitement of the thing; and you, Trefalden, had better go to Liverpool."

Saxon shook his head.

"No," he said, "my field shall be London."

CHAPTER LXXXV.

SAXON TAKES HIS OWN COURSE.

"Maybe there's a woman in the case."

Those words caused Saxon to fling himself heart and soul into the pursuit. They roused all the will and energy that were in him. It was but a random guess of Mr. Keckwitch's, after all; but it did what the loss of two millions of money had failed to do.

The more he thought of it, the more probable—the more terribly probable—it seemed. So young, so lovely, so fresh to the world as Helen Rivière was, what more likely than that William Trefalden should desire to have her for his own? What more likely than that she, being so poor and so friendless, should accept him? She would be certain to do so, if only for her mother's sake. For Saxon did not now believe that Mrs. Rivière was dead. As he had once trusted his cousin with an infinite trust, he now regarded his every word and deed with unbounded suspicion. He neither believed that Mrs. Rivière was dead, nor that Helen was gone to Florence, nor that any statement that William Trefalden had ever made to him at any time was other than deliberately and blackly false.

Granting, however, that Mrs. Rivière might be no more—and it was, after all, sufficiently likely to be true—would not the lonely girl cling to whoever was nearest and kindest to her at the time? And then Saxon remembered how gentlemanly, how gracious, how persuasive his cousin could be; how sweet his smile was, how pleasant and low his voice!

Poor Helen! Poor, pretty, trustful, gentle Helen! What a fate for her! It made his heart ache and his blood boil, and brought to the surface all that was tenderest and manliest in his nature only to think of it.

Within five minutes after he had announced his decision the three men parted at the door of William Trefalden's office. Each went his separate way—Keckwitch to engage the detectives, Greatorex to make arrangements for his temporary absence, and Saxon to pursue his own quest according to his own plan.

He went straight to Brudenell Terrace, Camberwell, and inquired for Miss Rivière.

The belligerent maid-servant reconnoitred through a couple of inches of open doorway before replying.

"Miss Rivers don't live here now," she said, sharply.

This, however, was only what Saxon had expected to hear.

"Can you oblige me, then," he said, "with her present address?"

"No, I can't."

"But surely Miss Rivière must have left an address when she removed from here?"

"There was an address left," replied the girl; "but it ain't right, so it's of no use to any one."

"How do you know that it is not right?"

"Because it's been tried, of course. But I can't stand here all day."

And the girl made as if she was about to shut the door in Saxon's face; but, seeing his fingers on their way to his waistcoat pocket, relented.

He placed a sovereign in her hand.

"I want to know all that you can tell me on this subject," he said.

She looked at the coin and at him, and shook her head suspiciously.

"What's this for?" she said.

"For your information. I would not mind what I gave to any one who could put me in the way of finding where those ladies are gone."

"But I can't tell you what I don't know."

"That's true; but you may as well tell me all you do."

The girl, still looking at him somewhat doubtfully, invited him to step inside the passage.

"I can show you the card," she said; "but I know it's of no use. There was a gentleman here the other day—he came from a great London shop, and would have put pounds and pounds of painting in Miss Rivers's way—and though he wrote it all down exact, he couldn't find the place."

And with this she plunged into the little empty front parlor, and brought out a card on which were penciled, in William Trefalden's own hand, the following words:

Mrs. Rivière,
Beaufort Villa, St. John's Wood.

Saxon almost started on seeing his cousin's well-known hand.

"Who wrote this?" he asked, quickly.

"It was Mr. Forsyth that wrote it, after the ladies were in the cab."

"Mr. Forsyth?" he repeated.

And then the girl, grown suddenly communicative, went on to say that Mr. Forsyth was a rich gentleman who, having known "Mr. Rivers" a great many years ago, had sought the ladies out, paid enormous prices for Mr. Rivers's pictures, and induced Mrs. and Miss Rivers to remove to a pleasanter part of London. Even in this matter he took all the trouble off their hands, and they never so much as saw their new lodgings before he came to take them there. There never was such a kind, thoughtful, pleasant gentleman to be sure! As for the address, Mrs. Rivers never thought of it till just at the last moment, and then Mr. Forsyth wrote it out as he stood in the passage—the ladies being already in the fly, and ready to drive off.

"And that is all you know about it?" asked Saxon, still turning the card over and over.

"Every word."

"I suppose I may keep the card?"

"Oh yes, if you like; but you'll find there's no such place."

"Did Mrs. Rivière seem to be much worse before she left here?"

"No. We thought she was better, and so did Miss Rivers."

Saxon turned reluctantly toward the door.

"Thank you," he said. "I wish you could have told me more."

"I suppose you are a friend of the family?" said the girl, inquisitively.

Saxon nodded.

"You—you can't tell me, I suppose, whether Mr.—"

"Forsyth?"

"Ay—whether Mr. Forsyth was engaged to Miss Rivière?" said he, with some hesitation.

She screwed her mouth up, and jerked her head expressively.

"They weren't when they left here," she replied; "but any body could see how it would be before long."

Then, seeing the trouble in the young man's face, she added, quickly:

"On his side, you know. He worshiped the ground Miss Rivers walked upon; but I don't believe she cared a brass farthing for him."

To which Saxon only replied by thanking her again, and then turned despondingly away.

He would go to St. John's Wood; but he felt beforehand that it would be useless. It was to be expected that William Trefalden would give a false address. It was, of course, a part of his plan to do so.

In the midst of these reflections, just as he had reached the further end of the terrace, the girl came running after him.

"Sir, Sir," she said, breathlessly, "I've just thought of Doctor Fisher. He was Mrs. Rivers's doctor, and he'll be sure to know where they went."

"God bless you for that thought, my girl!" said Saxon. "Where does he live?"

"I don't know; but it's somewhere about Camberwell. You'll be sure to find him."

"Yes, yes—easily. And again Saxon dipped his fingers into his waistcoat pocket. But the girl shook her head.

"Lord love you!" said she, "I don't want any more of your money—you've given me too much already."

And with this she laughed and ran away.

Saxon jumped back into his cab, and desired to be driven to the first chemist's shop on the road.

"For the chemists," muttered he to himself as he rattled along, "are sure to know all about the doctors."

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

DOCTOR FISHER.

Doctor Fisher dwelt in a big, stucco-fronted, many-windowed house, with gates and a portico—a strictly professional-looking house that stood back from the road, as if with a sulky sense of its own superiority to the humbler dwellings round about—a house before whose grim portals no organ boy would presume to linger, and no Punch to set up his temporary stage. A solemn-looking servant in a sad-colored livery opened the door and ushered Saxon to the physician's presence.

Dr. Fisher was a massive man, with an important manner, and a deep rolling voice like the pedal pipes of an organ. He received his visitor courteously, begged him to be seated, and replied clearly and readily to all Saxon's inquiries. Mrs. Rivière was indeed dead. She died about a fortnight before, and was buried in Norwood Cemetery. The Rivières had removed from Camberwell about two, or it might be nearly three, months previous to this catastrophe. During the first six or eight weeks of her sojourn at Sydenham Mrs. Rivière had gained strength, and was so far improved as to be on the point of undertaking a voyage to Madeira, when she unfortunately took that cold which resulted in her death. Dr. Fisher did not attend Mrs. Rivière's funeral. He believed that Miss Rivière and Mr. Forsyth were the only mourners. He had never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Forsyth, but he had heard both Mrs. and Miss Rivière make frequent reference to him as a friend to whom they were bound by many ties of gratitude and regard. Miss Rivière, he believed, was well. He had called upon her in the morning of the day following that on which her mother was buried, but not since. Her present address was Beulah Villa, Sydenham. He regretted that he had no further information to offer; protested that he was entirely at his visitor's service; and wished him a gracious "good-morning."

Ushered out again by the solemn lackey, Saxon pushed on at once to Sydenham.

Beulah Villa proved to be one of a series of semi-detached houses in a quiet side-road overlooking some fields, about half a mile from the Crystal Palace. His cab had no sooner pulled up, however, before the gate than an ominous card in the dining-room window prepared him for a fresh disappointment.

Miss Rivière had left nearly a week ago.

"She went away, Sir, the second day after her poor ma's funeral," explained the good woman of the house, a cheery, kindly, good-humored-looking body, with floury hands and a white apron. "She couldn't abide the place, pretty dear, after what had happened."

"If you will be so kind as to oblige me with Miss Rivière's present address—"

"Well, Sir, I'm sorry to say that is just what I can *not* do," interrupted the landlady. "Miss Rivière didn't know it herself—not to be certain about it."

"But surely something must have been said—something by which one could form some idea," said Saxon. "Do you think she was going abroad?"

"Oh, dear no, Sir. She was going to the sea-side."

"You are sure of that?"

"Yes, Sir—positive."

"And yet is it possible that no one place was mentioned as being more likely than another?"

"Two or three places were mentioned, Sir, but I took no account of the names of 'em."

"You can at least remember one?"

"No, Sir—I can't, indeed."

"Try—pray try. Do you think you could remember them if I were to repeat the names of several sea-side places to you?"

His intense earnestness seemed to strike the woman.

"I am very sorry, Sir," she said, "but I have no more idea of them than the babe unborn. I don't believe I should know them if I was to hear them—I don't, indeed."

"Did Miss Rivière leave your house—alone?"

"No, Sir. Mr. Forsyth went with her."

Saxon almost ground his teeth at that name.

"Mr. Forsyth was very often here, I suppose," he said.

"Very often, Sir."

"Almost every day?"

The woman looked at him with a mixture of curiosity and compassion that showed plainly what she thought of this cross-examination.

"Why, yes, Sir," she replied, reluctantly. "I suppose it was about every day lately."

The young man thanked her, and turned sadly away. At the bottom of the steps he paused.

"You do not even know to which railway terminus they went?" he asked, as a last chance.

She shook her head.

"Indeed, Sir, I do not," she answered. "I wish I did."

"If one could even find the cabman who drove them—"

The landlady clapped her hands together.

"There, now!" she exclaimed. "Why, to be sure, they went in one of Davis's flys!"

Saxon bounded up the steps again.

"You dear, good soul!" he said. "Where shall I find this Davis? Where are his stables? Where does he live? Tell me quickly."

She told him quickly and clearly—the second turning to the left, and then up a lane. He could not miss it. Every one knew Davis's stables.

He scarcely waited to hear the last words. Full of hope and excitement, he dashed into his cab again, and was gone in a moment.

OVER THE WAY.

Gone in her childlike purity
Out from the golden day;
Fading away in the light so sweet,
Where the silver stars and the sunbeams meet,
Over the silent way.

Over the bosom tenderly
The pearl-white hands are pressed;
The lashes lie on her cheeks so thin—
Where the softest blush of the rose hath been—
Shutting the blue of her eyes within
The pure lids closed to rest.

Over the sweet brow lovingly
Twineth her sunny hair;
She was so fragile that Love sent down
From his heavenly gems that soft bright crown,
To shade her brow with its waves so brown,
Light as the dimpling air.

Gone to sleep with the tender smile
Froze on her silent lips
By the farewell kiss of her dewy breath,
Cold in the clasp of the angel Death,
Like the last fair bud of a faded wreath,
Whose bloom the white frost nips.

Robin—hushed in your downy bed
Over the swinging bough—
Do you miss her voice from your glad duet,
When the dew in the heart of the rose is set,
Till its velvet lips with the essence wet
In orient crimson glow?

Rose-bud—under your shady leaf
Hid from the sunny day—
Do you miss the glance of the eye so bright,
Whose blue was heaven to your timid sight?
It is beaming now in a world of light
Over the starry way.

Hearts—where the darling's head hath lain,
Held by Love's shining ray—
Do you know that the touch of her gentle hand
Doth brighten the harp in the unknown land?
Oh, she waits for us with the angel band
Over the starry way!

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Every body is supposed to feel good-natured and charitably disposed after having eaten a Thanksgiving-dinner; and as the good housewife's larder continues, long after this festival, to send forth especially choice viands, this state of mind may reasonably be expected to continue a while. There is no more fitting time to let our kindly feelings have full play than the fortnight that lies between Thanksgiving and Christmas. Winter has come, and the poor are keenly feeling their insufficient food and clothing. Let us not be deterred from good deeds by the knowledge that many of our city beggars are impostors; but by judicious investigation learn who are really objects of charity. Almost every one might easily find *one* family, who, with very little effort, might be made warmer, happier, and better all through coming cold winter.

The Continental correspondent of the *American Literary Gazette* does not credit ladies with much love of books or of domestic peace. At any rate, his advice to men is, "Love books," for enjoyment and occupation; but, "Marry a shrew," or you may pore over books too uninterruptedly, and thus are sent to an early grave. We conclude he has had some personal experience. Probably he gave his wife a lecture on economy with the household money one morning, and coming home at night with a bundle of books, she retorts, *à la Caudle.* "Five dollars for Allibone's Critical Dictionary—and one volume at that! Good gracious, Mr. Caudle, that's half our year's water-rent! And then you must give three dollars and a half for that man Alger's 'Doctrine of a Future Life,' as if all you, Alger, or any body else knew about a future life were not in the Bible, which you could get for the mere asking at the Bible Society's office. Money thrown away! Just as you threw away five dollars a while ago for Kane's Arctic Explorations. What in the world are those Arctic regions to you or any body else—they are nothing but a huge refrigerator. *Interest in Sir John Franklin?* Do you know him? Did he ever invite you to dinner? Did he ever send you a presentation copy? *He is dead?* Well, then, so much the worse for you to be spending your money to pry into the private affairs of folks that are dead and gone. Why, Mr. Caudle, it is ten minutes past nine, and you don't seem inclined for bed. *Finish that chapter!* How many chapters are you going to read? Do you mean to break down your health as well as reduce your wife and children to beggary to supply you with gas and coal?" We suppose that at this point Mr. Caudle turned off the gas and went obediently to bed.

Apropos to Caudle, read the following song, descriptive of

THE THREE-TAILED BASHAW.

You have read or have heard of that ugliest of males,
The far-famous Turkish Bashaw of three tails.
Now a husband who governs his household by awe,
Who makes it a point that his word shall be law,
Is as bad, every bit, as a three-tailed bashaw,
As a three-tailed bashaw.

At actual fighting he's not very bold,
But ah! he's a terrible fellow to scold;
He borrows from Samson his method of war,
And conquers his foes with a jackass's jaw.
Oh! beware of the tongue of a three-tailed bashaw,
Of a three-tailed bashaw.

If his breakfast is ready he's sure to be late,
But if it is tardy he swears he can't wait;
If you argue, he answers you "Nonsense!" or "Pshaw!"
For nothing but eating will quiet the maw
Of a hungering, hurrying three-tailed bashaw,
Of a three-tailed bashaw.

While his wife puts the breakfast things back on the shelf
He sits down with the newspaper all by himself;
He reads of the stocks and he reads of the war,
But won't read her the story that makes him "ha! ha!"
He is such an unsocial old three-tailed bashaw,
Old three-tailed bashaw.

Then he goes to his office or store for the day,
And his wife breathes in peace 'cause he's out of the way;
But while he is laboring for wealth and *éclat*
She finds it is like making bricks without straw
To keep house as the wife of a three-tailed bashaw,
Of a three-tailed bashaw.

At his dinner, no matter how much he may eat,
He is sure to find some sort of fault with the meat;
The outside is burned, and the inside is raw,
And the joint isn't fit for his watch-dog to gnaw.
Oh! I wouldn't be cook to a three-tailed bashaw,
To a three-tailed bashaw.

On Sunday the house must be perfectly still;
He must have his nap out, and, what's more, he will.
It breaks the commandment for boys to hurrah!
Oh! there's no better Moses to lay down the law
Than a thoroughly orthodox three-tailed bashaw,
Than a three-tailed bashaw.

Young lady! not married, but meaning to be,
Accept, I implore you, this caution from me.
Don't marry an Indian who'll make you a squaw,
Nor give your fair hand in exchange for the paw
Of an odious American three-tailed bashaw,
Of a three-tailed bashaw.

And, gentlemen, listen, a word in your ears—
You had better encore me with laughter and cheers;
For if any don't welcome this song with applause
The ladies will think that he doesn't because
He is one of these odious old three-tailed bashaws,
Old three-tailed bashaws.

A rascally attempt was recently made to obtain the hard earnings of a poor working-girl, operative in one of the mills of Paterson, New Jersey. It seems that she received a quantity of circulars, setting forth a scheme for the award of prizes, by an association called the "National Protective Union." Only $10 or $20 for a ticket, giving a chance for speedy wealth! Shortly after the young girl received a second communication, giving all the particulars, and exhibiting in dazzling colors the chances of success. To a poor girl it was an irresistible temptation; and she was about forwarding the $20 when a friend became cognizant of her movements, and advised her to keep her money where she could be assured of its safety.

The Strong divorce trial still continues to fill our daily newspapers with unseemly details. Public sentiment should be against giving needless publicity to such disclosures. How a family moving in the highest circles, knowing the facts which are now laid open to the world, could invite such an exhibition is utterly incomprehensible.

In general we are opposed to giving our readers any remedy or recipe which has not been tested by us or by some one whom we personally know. But somebody, in sympathy for his fellow-sufferers, has sent us a remedy for chills and fever. Now we have never had chills and fever; and we don't think it worth while to contract the disease for the sake of trying this remedy. But we very willingly give it, so that those who are thus afflicted may reap the benefit of it. Here it is, *verbatim et literatim.*

REMEDY FOR CHILLS AND FEVER.

1 Dram Sulphate of Quinine.
1 oz. Columbo Root—Fine.
1 Pint of Good Gin.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE.

Take wine glass full 3 times per Day for Robust Grown person when fever is off until chill is Broken, and Table-spoon full 3 times per Day after chill is Broken for 9 Days.

Mrs. Elizabeth C. Gaskell, the popular English writer, whose death occurred last month, was the wife of a Unitarian clergyman, and for several years resided in Manchester, although at the time of her death her home was in Alton. Her first novel, "Mary Barton," was published in 1848; and is said to have been written by the advice of a friend to divert her mind from the oppression of a domestic affliction. Perhaps her "Life of Charlotte Brontë" has been the most popular of all her works; and though not free from inaccuracies, its fascinating style, and the public interest in the author of "Jane Eyre," caused it to be as eagerly sought for as the most entertaining novel. Mrs. Gaskell's last work, "Wives and Daughters," is now in press, and will soon be published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

A romantic story has recently been published—the "Love Life" of Dr. Kane. It seems that he was secretly married to a Miss Margaret Fox; but the social position of the lady being inferior to that of his own family, the marriage was not publicly recognized. At his death Dr. Kane left money in trust for the support of his wife; but his relatives have withheld it from her, and brought her character into question. This "Love Life" seems to have been published for the purpose, in part, of vindicating her character.

A sort of contest has recently been going on between the French and English hairdressers—ludicrous in some of its aspects; but which has had the effect to bring before the public various novel opinions respecting hairdressing in general. One who signs himself "An English Hairdresser," writes as follows:

> "Whatever fashion may be in vogue, the darker shades of hair should be dressed as smooth and made to look as glossy as possible; while, on the other hand, the fair and golden locks should be opened up and dressed as lightly and zephyr-like as possible. Curl and flowing wave, not 'negro crimps,' catching the rays of light, are its peculiar attractions. I believe the present fashion of hairdressing is the most becoming to ladies generally of any style since the days of Louis XIV., when powder was generally worn, and which is perhaps the most universally becoming style that has ever been introduced. At both periods the forehead has been uncovered, as nature evidently intended it to be; in the former, the hair, being drawn directly back and lifted high, required the obnoxious accompaniments of powder, rouge, and patch to soften the otherwise bold expression produced; in the latter, and present, thanks to her Imperial Majesty the Empress of the French—and not less, though coming after, her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales—there is a far closer following of Nature's guidance than has ever been adopted."

At a wedding which recently took place at Vienna, between a wealthy Jew and Jewess, a somewhat unwelcome gift was intruded among the bride's presents, which were exhibited according to custom. It consisted of a package of papers recently sealed, bearing on the outside the following inscription: "Inclosed is the tender correspondence between your young wife and the actor W." It was signed "Your sincere friend." On the examination of its contents the effect on the bridegroom, bride, and friends may easily be imagined; the party was soon brought to a close, and endless trouble commenced with the honey-moon. It is positively asserted that the day following the marriage the bridegroom gave instructions for a divorce from his new bride; but it is doubted if he can obtain it by the Austrian law for the specified act.

At a recent meeting of medical men in Edinburgh some statements were made in regard to a toy for children, which has lately come into fashion, that are worth the careful consideration of parents who are tempted to purchase them for their children. It was asserted that the chemical toy, called "Pharaoh's Serpents," is composed of a highly dangerous and poisonous substance, called the sulpho-cyanide of mercury. Experiments have shown that one half of a sixpenny Pharaoh's serpent is sufficient to poison a large-sized rabbit in an hour and three-quarters. A less dose also destroys life, but takes longer to do so. The toy, therefore, is much too deadly to be regarded as merely amusing; and seeing that it can be purchased by every school-boy, and be brought home to the nursery, it is rather alarming to think that there is enough of poison in one of the serpents to destroy the life of several children; and the more so that the so-called Pharaoh's serpent is covered with bright tin-foil, and much resembles in outward appearance a piece of chocolate or a comfit. It is certainly an anomaly in the law of the kingdom that a grain of arsenic can not be purchased except under proper restrictions, and that such articles as Pharaoh's serpents, containing as deadly a poison, may be sold in any quantity, and be purchased by any school-boy or child.

Education among the common people in England seems to be gaining ground. The Working Woman's College, Queen's Square, London, has recently commenced its second year with a very satisfactory programme of classes. The subjects taught include arithmetic, geometry, English language and grammar, English literature and history, physiology, botany, Latin, drawing, French, and vocal music. There are also classes every evening for teaching reading and writing, and to prepare students to enter the college classes. The college affords great educational advantages to women of various employments, including teachers, dress-makers, domestic servants, and the like. The classes are taught gratuitously by ladies and gentlemen, who hope "that mutual help and fellowship may be promoted among all members of the college, teachers, and students, by the educational work of the classes and the social life of the coffee-room." The coffee-room, provided with periodicals and newspapers, and the library, are open every evening from seven to ten, and are made pleasantly attractive to members.

ME MISERABLE! WHICH WAY SHALL I FLY?

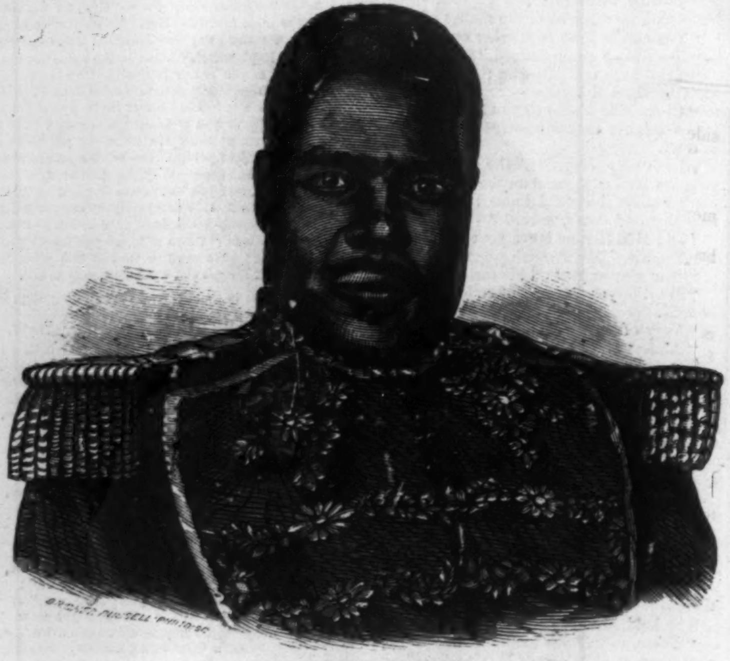
King Cholera has crossed the broad Atlantic, and is now looking out for convenient quarters with a view to passing next spring and summer among us. Thanks to our local Government, the streets of our favored city are invitingly prepared for his promenade; and, by the courtesy of some of our wealthiest property-holders, numberless tenement houses stand ready to offer him resting-places when wearied by his excursions. Inhospitable as it may seem, however, most of our fellow-citizens manifest a decided unwillingness to participate personally in the ceremonies attendant upon His Majesty's public reception, and many a succulent alderman and truculent tenement landlord, in abject terror at the prospective pestilence he has done so much to pave the way for, now propounds to himself the query of our caption. Go where you will, you find knots of timorous individuals discussing the probable advent of the epidemic, and anxiously comparing all possible modes of escape from its dreaded ravages. Cholera is the one absorbing topic of private conversation and public print. European politics, the Monroe Doctrine, Fenian bonds—nay, even the fluctuations of the Stock Board—all yield to the overwhelming interest of the one theme uppermost in the popular mind.

It is not at all likely that cholera will develop itself during the coming winter in New York; but there is every probability that with the opening of spring we shall witness the commencement of a more devastating visitation of the disease than has ever before scourged our city. The grounds for this supposition are obvious. The excessive condensation of our population, especially in the eastern and lower portions of the city, and the consequent defect of proper ventilation and cleanliness; the poisonous exhalations from neglected accumulations of decomposing garbage and obstructed or insufficient sewers; the vile, noxious gases liberated from the thousand and one bone-boiling nuisances, slaughter-houses, and factories of different kinds which hem in our population with a baleful belt, like sentries standing guard against the entrance of pure air; all these are not only positively deleterious by introducing morbific elements into the system; but negatively, by depriving the blood of its adequate supply of oxygen, exert a powerful influence in depressing vitality, increasing the liability to infection of those persons exposed to their action, and lessening the chances of recovery. That all or any of these inducements to disease will be abated before next spring is, of course, beyond the wildest imagining of any one conversant with the workings of our city Government. All that is left for us, therefore, is to inquire what individual precautions may be taken against the fell invader, or what avenues of flight may be free from his pursuing strides.

The question, "Is cholera contagious?" is frequently asked, and upon its satisfactory solution much depends as to the proper prophylactic measures to be adopted. Strictly speaking, this query must be answered in the negative. Cholera is not transmissible from one person to another by even prolonged contact, unless there exist a peculiar condition of the atmosphere; a statement sufficiently proven by the fact that the records of every summer in New York show a few "sporadic" cases of cholera, while the spread of the malady over certain neighborhoods only occurs at long intervals. On the other hand, however, when the particular *constitutio æris* necessary to the establishment of an epidemy is present, then cholera assumes a contagious character. In other words, the infection can not be introduced where no aerial influences favor its extension; while, *per contra*, we believe that even where such influences obtain, it may be denied admission by appropriate sanitary measures.

Lest any one should here adduce the now exploded doctrine that "sporadic" and "epidemic" cholera are different diseases, or, at least, different forms of the disease, the former arising spontaneously and terminating with the individual attacked, and the latter possessing a specific property of contagion, we will strengthen our position by remarking that certain districts of country have always escaped this plague, despite the importation of patients from localities where it was raging as an epidemy and numbering its victims daily by hundreds. On the south side of Long Island, for instance, in the quite thickly settled stretch of land including the towns of Islip and Babylon, but four cases of cholera have occurred during thirty-five years—a period comprising three terrible visitations of the pestilence—and of these four cases two, at least, were brought from New York. This immunity, we believe, is shared by the whole extent of the south shore; but we have quoted only that portion concerning which we possess exact data. Again, in the city of Newport during two "cholera seasons" a number of cases arose, and the disease manifested a tendency to increase, while the surrounding neighborhood, notwithstanding the inducements of watering-place dissipations, entirely escaped.

And now, O patient reader! having set forth for your benefit the scientific aspect of the subject, we will proceed to deduce therefrom that sound advice which it is the duty of the journalist to offer, and at the option of the recipient to follow.



GENERAL J. W. LAMOTHE.

If business avocations or the devotional service of the almighty dollar absolutely necessitate your remaining in the city during the spring and summer months, the most scrupulous cleanliness must be enforced throughout your household as a preliminary step. Nor is this, Sir, as superfluous counsel as you may be inclined at first to consider it. We will grant that your personal ablutions are performed with matutinal regularity—that Master Jack and Miss Matilda twice daily greet the obnoxious bath tub with rebellious howlings—that your wardrobe yields resources for frequent changes of spotless linen—that the notable housewife who shares your name and income rigorously superintends the performances of the besom and duster, and insists upon the religious observance of ceremonials connected with step-ladders, hoop-skirts, slip-shod shoes, and window brushes; but we warn you against the rash conclusion that because conspicuous neatness meets the casual eye throughout your domicile, all the conditions of purity are fulfilled. Think of the "whited sepulchre," good friend, and descend to the cellar regions of your establishment. Note that small but odoriferous heap of decayed vegetables cast into yon dark corner by Bridget the cook. Follow the guidance of your offended nose to where those waste scraps of meat, those two or three heads of decapitated fish, with maybe half a dozen flagrant relics of that last barrel of oysters, have reached an almost luminous stage of decomposition. Faugh! let us leave such a pestiferous climate, and ascend to the kitchen floor. What! even here? Bless us! whence comes that sickening smell, as of a charnel-house and glue-factory combined? See here! As we're alive, two barrels and a box reeking with putrid offal, remnants of past meals and Haruspician sequestra from previous poultry, are festering at your basement door; and as we stand Mary superadds the contents of a pail of "slops." Fie, Sir! Is this what you would impose upon us as a clean abode? Will you have cause for surprise if pallid Cholera set his equal foot across your threshold as well as in the shanty or the tenement tomb? Go, and at once—procure the removal of this poisonous filth, purify your cellar with lime, prohibit future negligence of such criminal import, and see to it that the prohibition be obeyed.

If you be a sensible person, enjoying the good things of life in moderation, your diet requires but little change; but if Apician luxury characterize your banquets, a thorough reform should be effected. Discard from your bill of fare all the greasy abominations of pseudo "French" cookery; avoid rich, highly-seasoned dishes, and abjure desserts of pastry and confectionery. Satisfy your appetite with plain, nutritious viands, preferring beef and mutton to lobster-salad or paté de foie gras, and arrest the progress of your repast as soon as hunger is appeased. Above all, practice temperance in your potations; not total abstinence, unless "teetotalism" have been your past rule; but guard against every thing approaching to excess.

There is another postulate, however, whose fulfillment depends rather upon your nervous temperament than upon your volition, but without which all other preventives are futile; and this is *fearlessness*. A bold heart and a calm mind are amulets of wondrous efficacy, while cowardly apprehensiveness will do more to predispose you for disease than any other two influences combined. Cholera and its congeners are blustering bullies, and will ever select for their attack the faint-hearted craven rather than him who returns their glare with a steady eye and bold front. If, therefore, you be of a timorous disposition, let discretion supply the place of absent valor, and fly the enemy you dare not coolly face; but in your flight let reflection guide your steps and prudence indicate your goal. Do not seek sanctuary in inland places, where vegetation is rank and where immature apples present a second Satanic temptation to the fall of your infant Adams and Eves; but select some quiet seaside sojourn, where robust breezes from the ocean meet and repel the land tide of infection, and where your flaccid nerves may gain a firmer fibre and more pungent tone by being, as it were, pickled in an atmosphere of brine.

Should further exhortations from our courage to your timidity be deemed advisable when the epidemic shall have appeared we will indite them from our destined Long Island refuge. Till then, kind reader, vale!

ELIZABETH STREET, BROWNSVILLE.

WE illustrate on this page the principal street of Brownsville, Texas. Brownsville is now the centre of great excitement. It lies on the Texas side of the Rio Grande, opposite Matamoras, two miles distant. General STEELE's head-quarters are on Elizabeth Street, and the whole town is a scene of military bustle. This place was of great importance during the late war, being, while it was in rebel possession, an important dépôt for the introduction of supplies and munitions of war by way of Mexico.

GEN. LAMOTHE, THE HAYTIAN.

Editor Harper's Weekly:

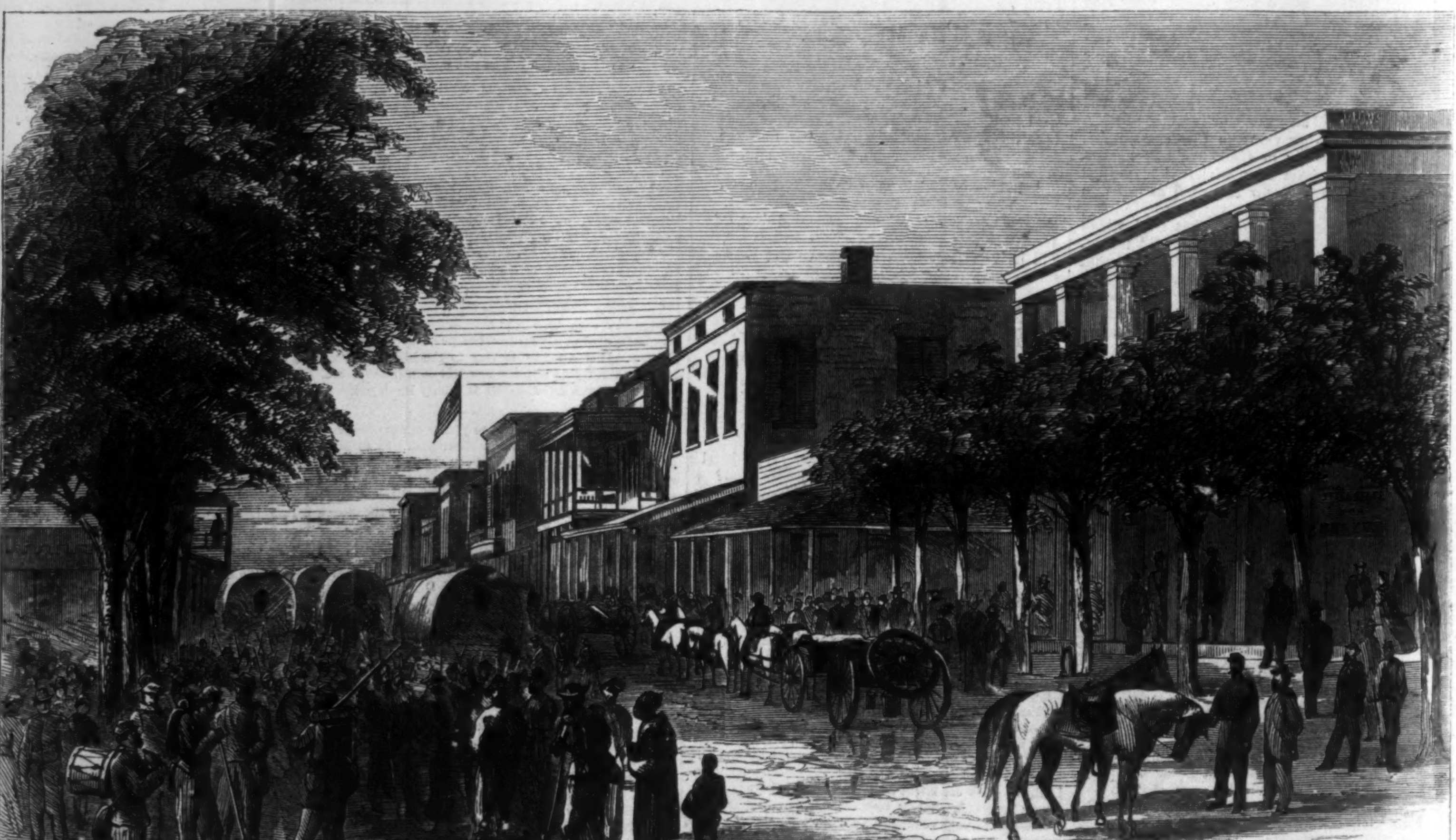
I STATED in my paper on the Civil War in Hayti that, with FRANÇOIS JEAN JOSEPH, the rebel President, there was another pure negro in GEFFRARD's Cabinet; "but," I added, "he was a man of real force—LAMOTHE, now an exile in Jamaica, whither he fled to escape from condemnation for conspiracy." The General seems to have taken this remark in ill part, as will appear from the following note which has just reached me:

KINGSTON, JAMAICA, *October* 6, 1865.

Mons. James Redpath:

MONSIEUR,—I had occasion to read your estimate of the recent situation in Hayti. You are responsible to yourself for your opinions, and are at liberty to think of a man as you choose.

I think I ought to relieve you of one of your misconcep-



ELIZABETH STREET, BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

tions. You have stated that I fled to Jamaica to avoid being condemned as a conspirator. I know who your informant is, but as you have always honored me with the name of *friend*, it does not seem to me that you should be satisfied with the statements of my enemies, and that the sentiment of justice requires that you should obtain information from both sides. I refer you to the deliberations of the Senate of Hayti of June 9 and July 19, 1862. You will there find that Mr. GEFFRARD violated my rights as a Senator, that the Haytian Senate protested in my favor, and that your article has gratuitously calumniated me.

I remain, Monsieur,
Your very humble servant,
J. W. LAMOTHE.

The General is in error when he supposes that I would gratuitously calumniate him. I supposed, from the statement of Haytian papers, that I had correctly stated the cause of his exile. I regarded him as the ablest black man of Hayti, and hoped that he would succeed GEFFRARD, for he had all the qualities that the President lacked—firmness, vigor, audacity. What I feared was, lest, his power once established, his very virtues might lead him on to despotic acts.

But, if we may believe the telegraph, the fate of General LAMOTHE has been sealed. First, we are told that he has been implicated in the "negro insurrection in Jamaica; next, we see it doubted whether he would not be delivered up to the Haytian authorities; and finally, it is reported that he was shot by the British soldiery or magistrates during the progress of the hideous massacre recently perpetrated by the English in that unfortunate island.

It is to be hoped that the English anti-slavery people will cause a searching investigation to be made into the recent acts of their military officers in Jamaica—acts which, like the Opium War in China and the slaughter of the Sheiks of India, will surely cover the British name with the execrations of the human race if reparation is not made for them. Let "the papers" which "implicated" LAMOTHE be produced; and if they are not forthcoming, I say, with Dr. JOHNSON, "Success to the next Negro Insurrection in Jamaica!"

JAMES REDPATH.

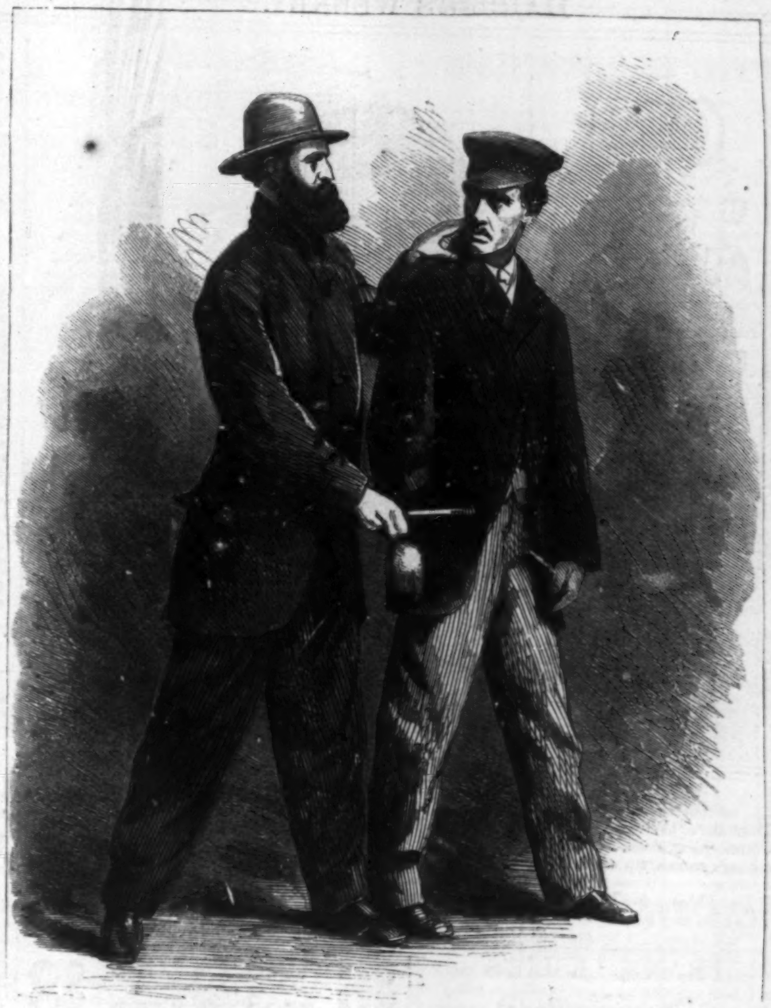
THE "SHENANDOAH."

WE give on page 789 a picture of the British pirate ship *Shenandoah*, recently surrendered to the United States by the British Government. After a long cruise, which began October 18, 1864, and which has been terribly destructive to our commerce, this vessel returned to her home in England, and Captain WADDELL handed her over to the British authorities at Liverpool.

The *Sea King*, as the ship was at first called, was built at Glasgow, in October, 1863, by Messrs. ALEXANDER STEPHENS & SONS, on the composite principle introduced by them, which consists of an iron frame planked with rock elm below the water-line and with teak above. Her dimensions are 220 feet in length, 32 feet 5 inches in breadth, and 20 feet 5 inches in depth, with a tonnage of 1018 tons register, or 1130 tons builder's measurement. She was first chartered by the British Government to take out troops and a battery to New Zealand. Returning to London she was chosen by the rebel agents for a privateer. To evade the law a bill of sale was made out to Mr. RICHARD WRIGHT of Liverpool, from whom she was transferred to P. L. CORBETT, and cleared ostensibly for Bombay. She was met off Madeira by the Clyde-built steamer *Laurel*, which had also been purchased by a Liverpool man and had been sent from that port with the armament of the future *Shenandoah*. After taking on board her stores and guns, the *Shenandoah* hoisted the rebel flag.

Having thus started on her destructive mission, the *Shenandoah*, while the war lasted, did vast damage to our commerce. About the beginning of this year she turned up suddenly at Melbourne, Australia, and after receiving a fresh stock of supplies sailed for the North Pacific, where, notwithstanding that the commander was frequently told by the masters of neutral vessels whom he met on the high seas that the war was over, he refused to believe them.

Long after LEE's surrender and DAVIS's capture, Captain WADDELL sunk, burned, and otherwise destroyed whole fleets of whalers in the Ochotsk Sea and Behring's Strait. Early in November the *Shenandoah* appeared in the Mersey and surrendered to H. M. S. *Donegal*. She had no guns on deck, all her armament being stowed down below in boxes. The crew numbered 133 men. Both Captain and crew were unconditionally released.



CAPTAIN WADDY ARRESTING GONZALES.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WILLIAMSON, BROOKLYN, L. I.]

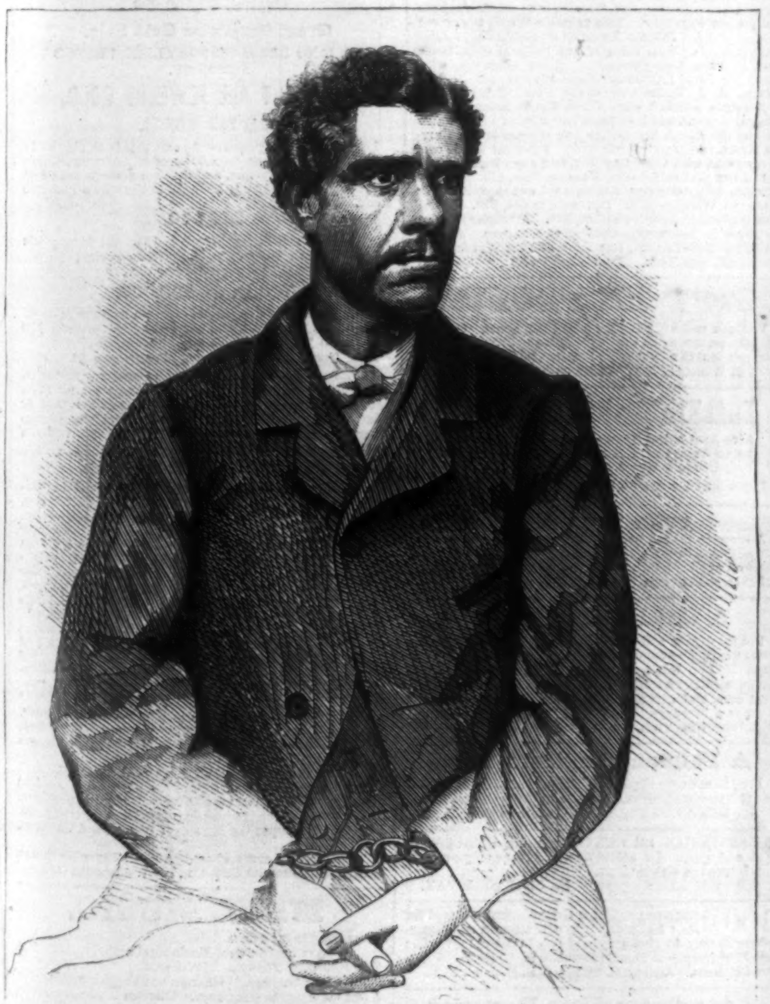
THE OTERO MURDER.

FEW persons will wonder at the possibility of an atrocious murder being committed at an early hour of the night and in the open thoroughfare of so poorly lighted a city as Brooklyn, followed by the escape of the murderers. The wonder is, in the case of the murder of OTERO on the night of November 22, that the perpetrators of the deed ever were found out. Two gashes in a glove furnished the one sole clew to their detection. Fortunately this was sufficient, and we are able on this page to give our readers portraits of GONZALES and PELLICER—two of the alleged murderers.

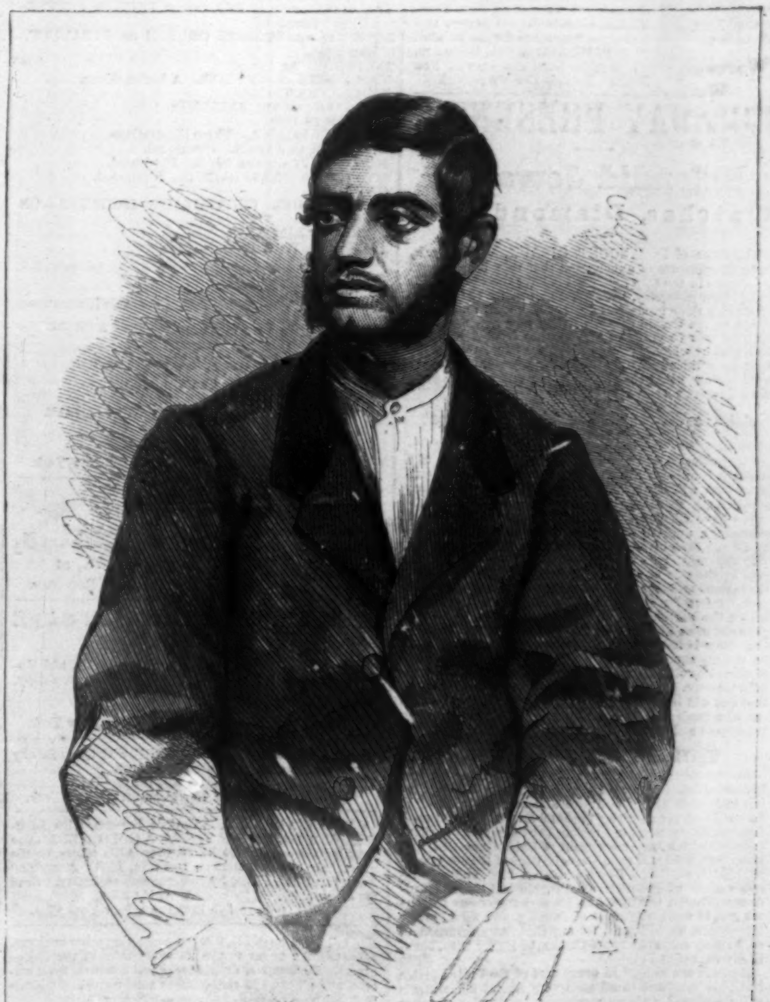
Last summer JOSE GARCIA OTERO, keeper of a public house and billiard saloon in Cardenas, Cuba, drew a large prize in the Royal Lottery of Havana. This money he proposed to invest in a new theatre, and was visiting New York on business connected with this enterprise when he was murdered and robbed of his money. When he arrived in the city he put up at the Hotel de Barcelona, Great Jones Street. It was here that he made the acquaintance of JOSE GONZALES, who had been boarding at the hotel for some days. On the day of the murder GONZALES was much with OTERO; at 7 o'clock in the evening he left the hotel with him, OTERO having with him eight or ten thousand dollars in gold and bills, although the clerk had advised him to leave the money at the hotel for security. GONZALES advised otherwise. It was a dark night, but OTERO accompanied his companion unsuspectingly to Brooklyn. Here he was seen in EVANS's drinking house, corner of Myrtle Avenue and Canton Street about 9 o'clock. GONZALES and OTERO were at this place joined by a third man, undoubtedly PELLICER. All three drank profusely. When they left they went in the direction of the park.

In this park, surrounded by occupied dwellings, the murder was committed without attracting attention. A few minutes afterward some one passing through the park stumbled over a body which he supposed to be that of a drunken man. A closer inspection revealed that the man was dead and his body frightfully mutilated. The police, upon their arrival at the spot, found near the body a dirk, two razors, and a pair of gloves. The latter were cut across the fingers, and evidently belonged to one of the assassins with whom the murdered man had struggled.

It was supposed that GONZALES would attempt to leave the next day in one of the Havana steamers. Officers were sent to the piers from which these steamers would leave. GONZALES did not make his appearance, but PELLICER did, and his appearance excited suspicion. It was observed that the first finger of the left hand was much larger than the others, as if it were bandaged. He was asked to remove his gloves and refused to do so. He was then arrested, and wounds were found on his hand corresponding to the gashes in the gloves. He was formerly a waiter in the Hotel de Barcelona. He confessed his connection with the murder, and gave information of the probable whereabouts of GONZALES, who was arrested on the evening of the 25th at 217 Centre Street. GONZALES is a native of Madrid, thirty-five years of age. He is evidently of the lowest class of Spaniards. PELLICER is about twenty-two years old, and has a more prepossessing, or, rather, a less repulsive, appearance than his accomplice. Both criminals have been indicted, and will be brought to trial.



JOSE GONZALES Y FERNANDEZ.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WILLIAMSON, BROOKLYN, L. I.]



FRANCISCO GENEZ Y SALVADOR (*ALIAS* PELLICER).—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WILLIAMSON, BROOKLYN, L. I.]

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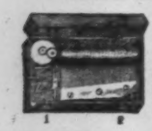

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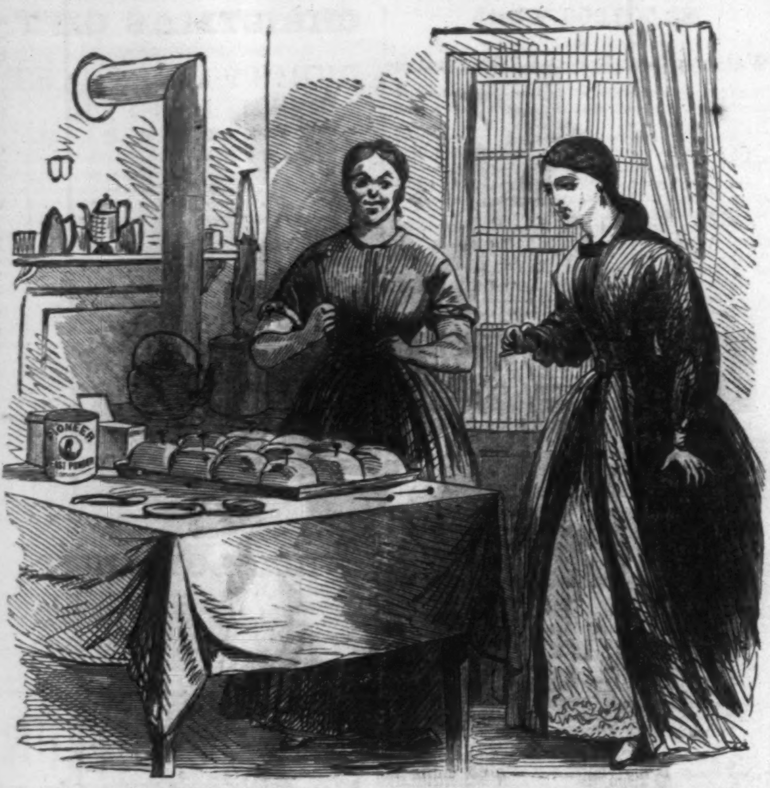

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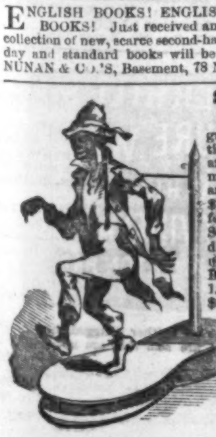

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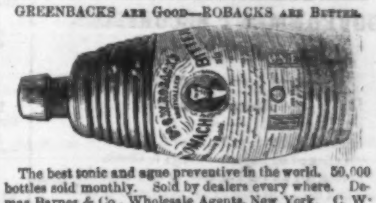

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